

PART 29.

Third
Series

MAY,
1891.

VOL
5

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR."

All the Year Round

a
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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1891.

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nos.
122 to 126

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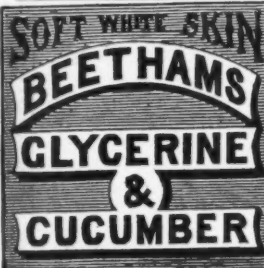
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ALL COLOURS,
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Intermixable.

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SOFT, SMOOTH,
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Entirely removes

All Roughness,
Redness, Sunburn,
Tan, &c.,

And preserves the Skin
from all the ill effects of
Sun, Wind, or
Hard Water,

more effectually than
any other preparation.

A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
IS SOON OBTAINED BY ITS USE. It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced. For the Toilet and the Nursery it is UNVALUABLE. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers,

M. BEETHAM AND SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

BEETHAM'S CAPILLARY HAIR FLUID

(Free from Lead, Dye, and all Poisons)

Is unequalled for Preserving, Strengthening, and Beautifying the Hair. It effectually arrests Falling off and Greyness, Strengthens when Weak or Fine, and wonderfully Improves the Growth. It imparts a Rich Gloss to Hair of all shades, and keeps it in any desired form during exercise.

N.B.—It is made in Three Shades, "Light," "Dark," and "Extra Dark," the last-named being specially prepared to hide Greyness when the Hair has turned in patches, for which it is strongly recommended. It is not a Dye.

Bottles, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; free for 3d. extra.

Ask your Tailor for "MADDOCKS'S BELWARP SERGES and COATINGS."

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60 VARIETIES TO CHOOSE FROM.

THE BELWARP SERGES & COATINGS

Are the very best for Suits, Coats,
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Costumes, and Boys' Clothing.

Suitable for every kind of morning and evening wear.

Are made from Pure Wool only. Are dyed with woaded dyes only. Will stand all climates. Are fashionable in style, and thoroughly durable. Are the best for comfort. Are balanced in make to minimise friction in wear.

They are made in a variety of qualities, from the lowest to the highest priced ones, to suit every class of wearers. The qualities can all be repeated, and are always uniform and reliable.



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THE HONEY OF WISDOM!!!

We gather the Honey of Wisdom from THORNS,
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NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

*The Victoria Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires
for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!*

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the TALE of Life; what sheds the PUREST LIGHT UPON OUR REASON; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to SOFTEN THE HEART of man and elevate his soul—I would answer, with Lassues, It is 'EXPERIENCE.'"
LORD LYTON.

"QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, June 4th, 1887.

"SIR,—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this Testimonial and Poem on ENO'S justly celebrated 'FRUIT SALT'? My occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here to see what change of air would do for me, and, at the wish of some personal friends, I have taken your 'FRUIT SALT', the good result therefrom is my reason for addressing you.—I am, Sir, yours truly, "A LADY."

The Appetite it will enforce,
And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you've ate or drank too much,
It will restore like magic touch.
Depression, with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
And if the Blood is found impure,
It will effect a perfect cure.

Free from danger, free from harm;
It acts like some magician's charm;
At any time a dainty draught,
Which will dispel disease's shaft;
More priceless than the richest gold,
That ever did its wealth unfold;
And all throughout our native land
Should always have it at command.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—"Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it only right to tell you I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that, you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—Jan. 25th, 1889.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.



DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS,
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS,

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions.

(Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphine, nor anything injurious to a tender Baby)

Sold in stamped boxes at 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full Directions.

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Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Wandering, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a free copy.

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Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d., with directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size Boxes, 2s. 9d. (15 stamps, post free), contain three times the quantity of the small boxes. Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post free, 15 stamps. Direct A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

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DESTROYS

BUGS
FLEAS
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BEETLESSold in Tins 6^d 1/- & 2/6

GOWLAND'S LOTION,

A botanical preparation of unfailing efficacy in Purifying the Skin from all Pimples, Spots, Freckles, Tan, Scorbatic Dryness, and Discolorations. It allays heat and irritability of the skin, and produces a

HEALTHY PURITY AND DELICACY OF COMPLEXION;

and by its balsamic qualities making the skin soft and clear, restoring and retaining a charming juvenile elasticity to the skin, and producing a bloom and transparency to the complexion that no other known preparation has accomplished, and is recommended in preference to any other by the Medical Profession. ESTABLISHED 130 YEARS.

Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.

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THREE PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS repayable on demand.

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For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposits, and allows Interest, at the rate of THREE PER CENT. per annum, on each completed £1.

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"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

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BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 3s or 13s stamps by Proprietors.

Lincoln & Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

THIS FAMOUS FAMILY MEDICINE is unequalled in the

Cure of all DISORDERS of the LIVER, STOMACH, and BOWELS. A GREAT PURIFIER of the BLOOD. A

POWERFUL INVIGORATOR of the System, if suffering from WEAKNESS and DEBILITY, and is unrivalled in Complaints incidental to Females.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE



COUGH.
COLDS.
ASTHMA.
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED A REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the **SOLE INVENTOR**, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1884.

IS
THE GREAT
SPECIFIC
FOR
CHOLERA.

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY.
GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH,
London, REPORT that it ACTS as a
CHARM, one dose generally sufficient.
Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHOEA."

From SYMES & CO., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla. Jan. 5, 1880.

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of **DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & CO., Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE

PALLIATIVE in

NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, Hysteria.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists. 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS: J. T. DAVENPORT, 38, Gt. Russell St., W.C.

For HEALTH, for PLEASURE, for BUSINESS.

"SWIFT" & "CLUB" CYCLES.

FOR OVER 20 YEARS THE LEADING MACHINES.

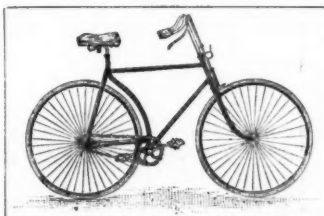
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MANCHESTER:

9, VICTORIA BUILDINGS.

WORKS—COVENTRY.



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FREE BY POST.

Gradual Payments.

FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO., LIMITED.

THE OLDEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE TRADE.

GOLDSTEIN'S CELEBRATED GOLD WATCHES.

Acknowledged to be the Most Reliable Timekeepers
Ever produced. The movements are guaranteed well made and finished, every attention being paid, and no expense spared, to secure the best and most modern improvements. Every Watch is fully warranted regardless of price paid, and if not approved the Money will be returned.

ONE TRIAL IS SOLICITED.

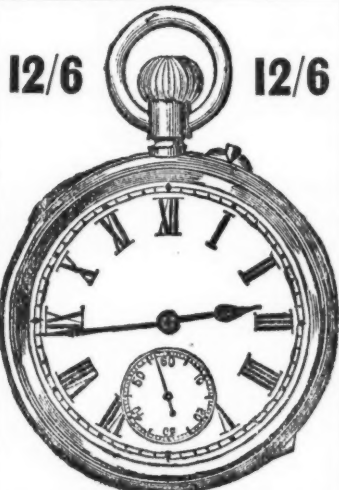
TESTIMONIALS.

"Nurney, Glengary,
"Dublin,
"August 1st, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—The Watch I purchased from you when in London on May 14th, is an excellent timekeeper, and has given me every satisfaction. Please send me another, exactly similar. Yours truly, W. H. MILLS."

"Elmfield, Newton Abbot,
"Devon,
"Nov. 13th, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Your 20s. Keyless Watches have given such satisfaction that I now thank you, and beg to say they are without exception the best I ever saw for the money. Of the dozens I have received, I can safely say all have been perfect, and I have great pleasure in recommending them. Yours truly, T. MAGOR."

"Highcliffe,
"St. Julien's Avenue,
"Guernsey,
"Oct. 13th, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Some time ago, when in town, I purchased some jewellery from you, with which I am very pleased. I find that it wears quite equal to real gold. —Mrs. T. R. BEAN."

"29, Brinksway Road,
"Stockport,
"August 27th, 1890.
"I have worn your 1s. 4d. ring for fourteen months, and it is just as fresh as at first. Send me your new Catalogue, and oblige. Yours, etc., M. BARROW."



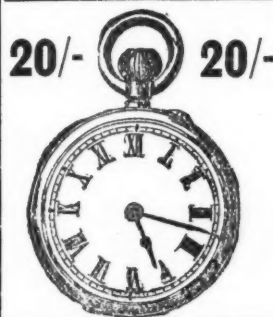
GENTS' ELECTRIC GOLD KEYLESS.
Open Face, Enamelled Dial, $\frac{1}{2}$ plate, and Jewelled in 4 holes. 12s. 6d. Post paid, 13s.

"Mrs. W. H. Gladstone has received the Watch, and would like two Keyless sent her, 12s. 6d. each; also Chain, 2s. 7s., one Fly and two Pearl Brooches. Mrs. Gladstone encloses a cheque for the whole amount."—Hawarden House, Chester, September 14th, 1890.

"Leamington, October 28th, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly send three or four Pendants for Watch Chains? I bought a Watch and Chain in MARCH, 1888, and I want Electric Gold, the same as those then had. "R. H. RAPSON."



ELECTRIC GOLD KEY WINDER, Gold Dome, $\frac{1}{2}$ Plate Cylinder. Jewelled in 4 holes. A Good, Sound, Serviceable Watch, 8s. 6d. Post free, 9s. Ladies' size same price.



LADIES' ELECTRIC GOLD OPEN FACE KEYLESS WATCH, Polished Cases, Jewelled in 8 holes. It is a neat watch, and everlasting. Price 20s. Post free, 20s. 6d.

£1,000

TO BE
**ABSOLUTELY
GIVEN
AWAY.**

MY NEW CATALOGUE for 1891, containing 3,000 Testimonials and Engravings of Watches and Jewellery of every description, is now ready. It is a work of art; the engravings being by Aldridge and Tilby, R.A. This Catalogue has cost over £1,000 to produce, and I am giving it away free of charge. Send your name and address from any part of the world, and a copy will be sent Gratis and Post Free.

CALL AND SEE THE WORLD-RENOUNDED ELECTRIC GOLD AND CHEMICAL DIAMONDS (REGISTERED)

Which are Crystals of marvellous lustre, brilliancy and hardness, and cannot be detected from the genuine article. Experienced judges deceived. They will stand all acids and heat. Can be mounted at the side of real gems without fear of detection, and can be worn by the most fastidious person with confidence. Electric Gold is the same rich colour throughout the entire metal, and is guaranteed equal to real gold. Everyone pleased. Money returned if not approved. For size of finger cut hole in card. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.



8s. 6d.

Half Hoop Ring, set with Five Mixed Stones or Diamonds of the first water and very bright lustre. Experienced judges deceived. Post free, 3s. 6d.



1s. 4d.
Five Pearl Half Hoop Ring, stamped 18c, & undetectable from all genuine pearls. Most marvellous offer ever made. Post free, 1s. 4d.



1s. 4d.
Mixed Stone Dress Ring. Our well-known wonder. Post free, 1s. 4d.



1s. 4d.
Lustrous Gipsy Ring, equal to 30 guinea diamond. Guaranteed undetectable. Post free, 1s. 4d.



1s. 4d.
Solid Band or Wedding Ring, beautifully finished and equal to 25 ct. gold. Post free, 1s. 4d.



2s. 6d.
Ladies' Diamond or Mixed Stone Dress Ring. Very neat and pretty. Post free, 2s. 6d.



1s. 4d.
Buckle or Keeper Ring, stamped 18 ct. This ring is a masterpiece, and perfect in every respect. Post free, 1s. 4d.

TESTIMONIALS.

"Teesdale Supply Stores, Cotherstone, November 4th, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Please forward another Watch. The one I bought of you some time back is real good, and yesterday a friend took a fancy to and bought it.—Yours truly, W. KIPPLING."

"Aldington, Evesham, July 3rd, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—My customer was delighted with the Watch. He did not expect anything so good for the money.—Yours truly, C. FIELD (Agent)."

B. B. GOLDSTEIN, 16, 18, & 20, Oxford St., London, W. (OXFORD MUSIC HALL.)

Who Scoffs at Warming Pans?

IN the trial of the breach of promise case so funnily described in the "Pickwick Papers," Serjeant Buzfuz, for the plaintiff, reads a note from Mr. Pickwick to Mrs. Bardell, in which that lady is told *not to trouble herself about the warming pan*. "Now, your lordship," cried the Serjeant to the Judge, "whoever *does* trouble himself about a warming pan?"

The Serjeant's question was careless and shallow. A warming pan is a valuable thing in its way, and should be used oftener than we fear it is. If it were universally employed, Mr. Patrick Cain, of 8, Birkland Street, Bulwell, near Nottingham, would never have written the following statement: "In 1882 I was taken ill through *sleeping in a damp bed*. Up to that time I had been a strong, healthy man. I was then serving with the South Staffordshire Militia at the annual training at Whittington Common, Lichfield. We had been at Lichfield only a week, when I was seized with inflammation and stoppage of the bowels, and confined to the Barracks Hospital during the remainder of our training time.

"Getting a little better, I returned to Bulwell, where I soon had another attack of a different nature. My appetite left me, and when I did eat, the food gave me great pain, *filling me full of wind*. I had severe pains in the back and side, my stomach swelled, and every now and again I had dreadful attacks of cramp; the pain nearly made me scream. During these spells a doctor attended me, and I was poulticed back and front, and rubbed with liniments until my wife became exhausted with the labour.

"Off and on I went on like this for seven years, the attacks growing more frequent and violent. I am sure I was off my work twenty times for a few days at a time, and this was a great loss to me, and kept me down. In the March of this year (1890) I had a worse attack than usual, and became so weak and low I never thought I should get over it. I said to my wife, '*I'm afraid*

I am going to leave you, for I think it is my last time round.'

"About this time I heard from a fellow-workman named William Napp about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I got a bottle from Mr. Bloor, Chemist, Austin Street, and after taking four or five doses I felt relief, and by the time I had used three bottles I was cured, and have never lost a day's work through illness since. I suffer no more pain, can eat anything that is put before me, and never ail anything.

"My wife had suffered from dizziness and indigestion, and seeing what Seigel's Syrup had done for me, she took some of it and was greatly benefited.

"In the first week of November my little boy, three years old, was taken with convulsions and we thought he would not live. Thinking the boy was dying, my wife wanted to fetch the doctor, but I said 'No, I will give him a dose of Mother Seigel's Syrup.' I did so, and in an hour and a half the twitching ceased, and he fell sound asleep, and has been well ever since. (We advise in such cases that a doctor be called.) You are at liberty to publish this statement."

Now what had the damp bed which Mr. Cain slept in eight years ago to do with all he suffered afterwards? The answer is plain and easy. He took what we familiarly call a "cold," which means that the nervous system is in a weak and depressed condition. As the stomach and bowels are full of nerves the attack became localised there, and developed finally into chronic indigestion and dyspepsia. The reader must remember that it is not overeating alone that brings on this malady. Any cause which overthrows the balance of the body or mind, almost invariably "settles" in the stomach, and the result is indigestion and dyspepsia, with all its fearful consequences. A *damp bed* did it for Mr. Cain; something else may do it for you. In any case the demonstrated remedy is the one he at last employed — Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £6,000. SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTHLY COMPETITIONS

These Competitions will be Continued each Month during 1891.

Lists of Winners of each month's competition will be advertised in the "Penny Illustrated Paper" the last Saturday of the month following, and a printed list of winners will be forwarded to competitors who send *1d.* stamp to pay postage.

The Prizes given in these Competitions are the Waltham Watches, the acknowledged best timekeepers in the world.

WRAPPERS COMPETITION.

For Girls and Boys 16 last birthday and under.

PRIZES each Month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

RULES.

I.—Competitors to save as many Sunlight Soap wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the bottom portion of each wrapper—that portion commencing "Now for the Sunlight Way of Washing." This portion, called the "Coupon," is to be saved for the competition.

II.—When as many of these "Coupons" are collected as the competitor thinks will win a prize, send them, **POSTAGE OR CARRIAGE PAID**, to

LEVER BROS., Ltd.,

PORT SUNLIGHT,

Nr. BIRKENHEAD,

Marked on the outside

"**WRAPPERS COMPETITION,**"

ENCLOSING WITH THE "COUPONS" a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written her or his **FULL Name** and **Address**, age **LAST birthday**, "Girl" or "Boy," and the number of Coupons enclosed. This paper must then be signed by three witnesses who are **HOUSEHOLDERS**.

VII.—The Prizes will be awarded amongst those sending in (for their age) the largest number of "Coupons," provided the paper with the "Coupons" is correctly filled up and witnessed according to Rule II.

WRAPPERS COMPETITION.

PRIZES each month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

Age 16, 5 to girls & 5 to boys (one to each winner).

" 15, 5	" 5	" "	" "
" 14, 5	" 5	" "	" "
" 13, 5	" 5	" "	" "
" 12, 5	" 5	" "	" "
" 11, 5	" 5	" "	" "
& under.			

CARD BOX COMPETITION.

Open to all aged 17 last birthday and upwards.

PRIZES each month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

RULES.

I.—Competitors to make a list, giving the **FULL Name** and **Address** of **HOUSEHOLDERS**, who they know **DO NOT USE Sunlight Soap**, stating opposite each **HOUSEHOLDER'S** name, as far as they know, and in not exceeding **5 words**, the reason why they do not use it. Each **HOUSEHOLDER'S** name must appear in alphabetical order, and the list must be written on one side of the paper only.

II.—Competitors to save or collect as many Sunlight Soap Card Boxes as necessary. Cut off the top portion of each Card Box—that portion only of the Card Box printed with the word "Sunlight." This portion, called the "Card Box Coupon," is to be saved for the competition.

III.—This list when completed, together with 1 Card Box Coupon (*see Rule 2*) for every **HOUSEHOLDER** named on competitor's list, and a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written her or his **FULL Name** and **Address**, Lady or Gentleman, and the number of **HOUSEHOLDERS** named on their list, must be forwarded, **POSTAGE PAID**, to **LEVER BROS., LIMITED**, and must be marked on the outside

"**CARD BOX COMPETITION,**"

IV.—The Prizes will be awarded to those competitors whose lists are the largest. Competitors will be disqualified whose lists contain any incorrect address, or the name of any person who is not a **Householder**, or any one who is at the time a user of Sunlight Soap.

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No. 122.—THIRD SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

CROSS CURRENTS.

By MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

Author of "A Mist of Error," "Her Inheritance," "A Social Success," "Kitty's Victim," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

EVERY one was very much and very unreasonably surprised that Selma should not have known her cousin when he came to her rescue in the wood. As she had been only five years old when he left England, and he had sent home no photographs, recognition might nearly as well have been expected of little Elsie, even if they had been familiar playfellows before his departure. And as a matter of fact, even in her babyhood, Selma had never seen Roger Cornish.

They were sitting in the garden on the morning after Roger's arrival, when this discovery was made—Mrs. Cornish, with her colonist son on the grass at her feet, Helen, Selma, Humphrey, and a selection of the boys; the latter were anxious as to their new brother's capacity for larks—from which point of view Humphrey was eminently unsatisfactory—and were at present at that stage of their investigation which consisted in monosyllabic responses to his advances, and in hovering about on the outskirts of their elders' conversation to devour the unconscious candidate for their approbation with eyes and ears.

As far as the evidence of their eyes went, youthful popular opinion had decided that Roger looked "jolly," and, as far as it went, popular opinion was right. Roger Cornish was a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with bright brown hair, which, short as he kept it, insisted on curling defiantly, a

full beard, a little lighter in colour, and well-opened blue eyes. There was a great deal of energy and steady reliability about his face, but very little trace of thought in the abstract, and the good-natured eyes were as simple and direct in their gaze as a child's. There was a breadth about his figure, and a depth in his voice which made him seem older than his twenty-six years, and which curiously contradicted his eyes and his boyish laugh.

The little group, with the exception of this investigating contingent which fluctuated as curiosity and restlessness dictated, had been established under the fine old trees which were one of the chief attractions of the Manor House garden, ever since breakfast, and there was that half-tentative, half-familiar air about it which always pervades such a family reunion. The new Roger was a stranger to his brother and sister, a stranger almost to his mother, and they were strangers to him. The common interests which are the bonds of family life had all to grow up between them; and in the instinctive mutual consciousness of this, the mutual desire to hasten the process, there had hardly been a pause in the quick, interested fire of question and answer.

More than an hour had passed in this way, when, after the first short silence, Mrs. Cornish said, with a smile:

"Of course it is absurd to expect that Selma should have known you, and yet I can't help feeling quite aggrieved that she did not. I don't like to think that you were so near me, dear boy, and that I didn't know it. Why didn't you come straight to me when you knew who she was?"

Roger's sunburnt face reddened, and he glanced furtively in Selma's direction.

"I—I did think of it," he said. "I knew when I heard—the name. But I—there was something—I thought I'd come on here, you see."

"You see the consequences of sending home no photographs," said Sylvia, laughing. "You've let us clamour for one all in vain, and so your own cousin doesn't know you when she sees you. And your own sister wouldn't have known you any better," she continued, suspending her needlework to look critically at him; "though, of course, I was quite a big girl—much older than Selma—when you went away. Suppose we had refused to believe in you, Roger. Suppose we had none of us known you!"

"I should have known him anywhere," interposed his mother, softly, pausing an instant in her knitting to lay her hand on his head.

"What a strange thing it was that you should have taken that short cut through the wood instead of keeping to the road!" went on his sister. Sylvia stood rather alone in the Cornish family, for the brother who should have belonged to her especially had died in his babyhood; she had always hoped that Roger, when he should come home, would take the vacant place; and she was full of eagerness to make friends with him. "I suppose you are so used to finding tracks— isn't that the word!—that the absence of a road is nothing to you. It was lucky for you, Selma, wasn't it?"

The response was so low as to be hardly audible. Selma was apparently interested at the moment in something far away on the horizon. But Sylvia hardly paused for an answer before she continued, reflectively:

"When did Selma see you last, I wonder, Roger? After all, she can only have been a tiny child when you went away. Do you remember him that Christmas before he went, Selma?"

Selma was sitting in a big basket-chair which stood, in consequence of the way in which the shade was thrown, at a little distance from the group which she faced; she was leaning back in it doing nothing, though both Helen and Sylvia had needlework in their hands. Selma very rarely did do anything when she was not working hard at her own profession. There was something rather constrained and shy about her attitude; she had hardly contributed a word to the talk which had been going on so briskly, and, as every one

turned to her with sudden curiosity as Sylvia spoke, she stretched up one arm and pulled a chestnut leaf from the tree above her head, apparently that she might pull it to pieces as she said, in a low, embarrassed voice:

"No, Sylvia, I don't remember—Roger at all."

She glanced up shyly as she spoke, and found that Roger had taken advantage of Sylvia's question to turn eagerly towards her, and that he was exactly facing her. It was the first time their eyes had met that morning, and as Selma dropped hers hastily Sylvia, who happened to be looking at her, suddenly upset her work-basket with an irrepressible movement of astonishment, and became temporarily speechless. It was Helen who lifted her head from her work, and said:

"I wonder whether you ever did see him! Do you know, auntie, I believe, after all, she never did. It was the year before Roger went away that mother and father went to Cannes, when I came to you, and Selma went with them, and before that——"

"Before that, Roger never spent his holidays in London," went on her aunt. "You're quite right, Helen. What a curious thing! Then they really did meet for the first time yesterday. I suppose you would have known Selma from her photographs, Roger, and Helen too?"

"Helen, I think I should have known," he said instantly, looking up at her frankly, "but—Selma," he turned hesitatingly as he spoke, and there was a nervous, involuntary movement from the basket-chair, "I—I didn't know her till Elsie said—till I heard her name," he finished hurriedly and incoherently.

An irrepressible chuckle from a cross-legged boy—it was Jim, the sandiest and most mischievous of the two sandy-haired ones—interrupted the conversation at this stage of the proceedings.

"What a lark!" he said, turning suddenly head over heels in his delight. "Oh, what a lark! Fancy Selma's saying you weren't real when you were her own cousin! She said she'd take you——" But Jim was abruptly interrupted; Sylvia, Humphrey, and Selma rose suddenly and simultaneously.

"Boys, don't you want to go fishing?"

"Boys, go and get some lunch"; came from the two former at one and the same moment, and when the tumult which followed these suggestions had subsided,

and the boys had departed to carry both into effect, the big basket-chair under the chestnut-tree was empty.

Selma was seen very little and heard still less for the rest of the day; and, during the week that followed, the usual Selma, bright, impulsive, always, unconsciously to herself, the centre figure wherever she might be, seemed to have disappeared more completely each time Selma's outward personality was seen; the present Selma had nothing to say, had very pink cheeks in public, and very white ones in private, had large eyes which were alternately scared and dreamy; she was very anxious to be unobtrusively and incessantly useful to Mrs. Cornish or the girls, or to amuse little Elsie for hours together in private haunts of their own. Only one person noticed these things. Helen was absorbed in Humphrey, Mrs. Cornish was absorbed in Roger—whom she found by no means so even in his spirits as she could have wished, and who seemed to her to be too much given to long fits of abstraction. Only Sylvia saw, and understood, and she could hardly believe the evidence of her senses.

She was standing alone in the drawing-room one evening, when Roger had been home rather more than a week, staring blankly at the door. It had just closed behind Selma, who had vanished from the room with suddenly flushed cheeks, as a man's voice was heard from the room on the other side of the hall; and Sylvia's amazement had not allowed her to move when she was startled out of her petrification by the abrupt reopening of the door, and the precipitate entrance of Nettie, who shut it behind her with a jerk, and nearly fell back against it, with round, excited eyes.

"Sylvia," she whispered, excitedly, "what do you think?"

"I can't think," returned her sister, limply.

"I came out of the breakfast-room just this minute, and Roger came out of the dining-room and he didn't see me. Selma was simply flying upstairs, and she had dropped her handkerchief in the hall; and Roger saw it, and he saw her, and he picked it up, and he—oh, Sylvia—he—kissed it like anything."

A curious sound, suggestive of a youthful animal of some description in strong convulsions, came suddenly from under the low drawing-room window; but neither girl noticed it. Sylvia had dropped into

a chair, and was gazing at her sister as if the plump, good-natured Nettie were a spectre.

"Nettie!" she gasped at last, "it'll happen!"

"Oh, Sylvia—what?"

"Roger and Selma. Yes, you may well look like that, Nettie, but—she does!"

Lucidity in Sylvia's statements had been conspicuous so far entirely by its absence; but Nettie seemed to understand her.

"Roger and Selma!" she gasped, in a whisper, which was almost awestruck, as her round brown eyes grew rounder than ever. "Selma!"

"Nettie, my head has been going like this," said Sylvia, solemnly, making a wild agitation with her hands, intended to depict excessive confusion of mind. "I saw him look at her the very first morning, and she met his eyes unexpectedly, and she looked——! If it had been any other girl, I should have said she meant to flirt with him; but it was Selma—Selma, Nettie! I never saw her look at any man as though he were a bit different to a girl."

"But she hasn't flirted with him," said Nettie, incomprehendingly. "She hardly ever speaks to him."

"That's it," cried Sylvia, vigorously and inconsequently. "Oh, Nettie, how stupid you are! Don't you see that Selma simply can't flirt? She—Nettie, she's fallen in love with him!"

"Sylvia!"

How long they would have sat there staring at one another, as though the world had suddenly turned upside down before their astonished eyes, it is impossible to say. The convulsive sounds outside the window, which had been apparently forcibly restrained during their conversation by the sufferer, were to be repressed no longer, and Nettie and Sylvia started instantaneously to their feet as Jim's freckled face, red and shiny with laughter, appeared suddenly above the window-sill, while the rest of his person danced with joy below.

"Selma's young man!" he said. "Oh, what a game! I'll ask him if he knows where Selma's handkerchief is. Oh, hurroo!"

The Cornish boys had been very early initiated into the inimitable field of mischief provided by what they called "spoons." During the engagement of their eldest sister—who had married some

years before, and had gone to India with her husband—they had been used as tools at very tender ages by her husband's brother, a feather-brained medical student, with an unlimited capacity for practical joking. His promptings had fallen upon truly faithful soil, especially in the case of Jim, whose perceptions as to the means by which it was possible to cover an engaged couple with confusion had been abnormally acute when he was an imp of only five. He had rejoiced greatly over the news of Humphrey's engagement, but Humphrey and Helen had turned out, as he expressed it, "no go," and he was consequently quite at liberty to concentrate his undivided attention on the possibility suggested by the conversation he had just overheard.

Sylvia and Nettie expressed their appreciation of the position by a simultaneous dash towards the window, and a clutch at the hopping, dancing figure below.

"Jim, you dreadfully wicked boy," cried Sylvia, wrathfully, but low, lest other wicked boys should appear upon the scene and complicate her difficulties. "Don't you know that it's simply disgustingly mean to listen to people?"

"People shouldn't talk so loud when a person is catching moths under the window, then. Ah, I've caught a moth, and no mistake;" and Jim winked wickedly into his sisters' perturbed countenances.

"Jim, if you do anything, I'll—I don't know what I won't do!"

"Do anything, Sylvia," was the answer, in a tone of innocence which would have shamed the proverbial new-born babe. "Me? Why, whatever should I do?"

"Oh, you imp," breathed Nettie, emulating her sister in caution and exceeding her in vigour; "there isn't any knowing what you won't do! You'll be everywhere you're not wanted!"

"I shall be about, Nettie," returned the innocent, much surprised. "A chap may be about, I suppose. P'raps I shall see Roger sometimes when he doesn't see me. He's got such a spooney—I mean moonney—way with him"—with an irrepressible chuckle. "I shall look after Selma a bit, too, p'raps—quietly, you know. She's rather down, isn't she?" and with another irrepressible chuckle he wriggled out of his sisters' hands and disappeared in the dark.

There was nothing to be done, the much-perturbed Sylvia and Nettie argued, except to keep a sharp look-out upon the boy, and frustrate as far as possible any little plans

he might develop. To this argument each girl added a private mental determination which each thought it better not to confide to the other, and which began to take effect on the family atmosphere the very next day. Both Sylvia and Nettie apparently woke up the next morning afflicted with a curious form of restlessness, which was always urging them to call to its relief any member of the family who happened to be talking at the moment to Roger or Selma, who were always finding themselves left alone. Not alone together. It was another peculiarity of the family atmosphere, which was rather complicated in those days, that whenever there was the remotest prospect of such a contingency, either Roger or Selma incontinently fled. An incessant game of post seemed to be in progress. Selma, when her companion had departed, remonstrating, to answer Sylvia's urgent appeal, would invariably rise precipitately as soon as she found herself alone and attach herself to somebody else; whereupon, before many minutes had elapsed, that somebody's presence would become absolutely necessary to Nettie's peace of mind, and the proceedings would recommence. Roger, left alone, would stare vacantly into space for a few minutes, heave a heavy sigh, and depart to take a solitary walk.

At last, one hot afternoon in August, the whole party had taken refuge from the sun in and about a picturesque old summer-house which stood close to a large fish-pond, which gave that part of the garden a quaint, old-world look. It was some way from the house, at the extreme end of what went by the name of the lower garden, and the water, shaded by a large walnut-tree which overhung it, looked cool and refreshing on that broiling afternoon.

The younger Cornishes had gradually grown tired of inaction, and had strayed away. Sylvia and Nettie had risen one after the other in a casual manner and departed, and shortly afterwards Sylvia had suddenly remembered that she wanted Humphrey to advise her as to a piece of art needlework on which she was engaged, and had fetched him into the house, and Nettie had called for Helen on important business. Mrs. Cornish, Selma, and Roger were left alone; Selma sitting right inside the summer-house, on one of the picturesque rustic benches with which it was furnished, Mrs. Cornish just outside in a garden-chair, with Roger beside her on the slightly raised threshold.

They were not a conversational trio. Selma had a book in her hand, Mrs. Cornish was turning the heel of her sock, and Roger was staring at vacancy in a manner which was eminently self-conscious but not entertaining.

"Twenty, twenty-two, twenty-four," murmured Mrs. Cornish. "Oh, dear, that's the end of my wool; I must get some more. No, my dear, don't trouble; I don't know exactly where it is," she added, to Selma, whose absorbing interest in her book had not prevented her jumping up, almost before Mrs. Cornish had finished speaking, with a pressing offer to be allowed to go for what she wanted.

"I can look for it, auntie," she protested.

"No, no, my dear. I will go myself. Sylvia said she wanted to show me something about her work. You stop here with Roger. I shall be back directly." And Mrs. Cornish moved briskly away.

Selma hesitated a moment as if in doubt whether or no to insist on following her, and, before she had decided, Mrs. Cornish had turned the corner, and was out of sight, leaving Selma standing in the middle of the summer-house with Roger, who had risen, standing rather awkwardly in the doorway, so that if she decided to go she would have to ask him to let her pass. The colour came and went; she turned the book she held nervously in her hands, and then she suddenly sat down again, apparently choosing the least of two evils. Roger's state of mind did not seem to be much more composed than her own, and he leant his broad shoulders against one of the supports of the little place in an attitude which was far from appearing as easy as he fondly hoped.

"I—I was afraid you meant to go in," he said.

"Oh, no!"

"You—you do go in a good deal, don't you? I mean," he amended, hastily, "you generally go where I'm not."

Selma started to her feet.

"Oh, no; not at all," she said, breathlessly. "It isn't that at all; but I must go in now, I've just remembered."

She stood before him waiting for him to move, a startled figure, quiveringly anxious to escape, and he was stepping back with a heavy shade of disappointment on his honest face, when he was suddenly startled by a heavy splash and a frightened cry which Selma echoed with a shriek of dismay as her eyes suddenly dilated, and her face turned white with fright.

"The pond!" she cried. "Oh, I always knew they would. He's tumbled in. Oh, come! There are holes!" and the next moment she had rushed to the edge of the fish-pond followed closely by Roger, who asked rapidly:

"Can't they swim? Which is it?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, "but he fell off the tree! Oh, you see he doesn't rise."

Almost before the words were uttered, Roger had stripped off his coat and had plunged into the pond, on the surface of which nothing was to be seen but large, slowly-widening rings of water. He dived straight out of sight, and as the water closed above him a little strangled gasp parted Selma's white lips, and she stood rooted to the ground, not attempting to run for help or even to call out, staring with dark, dilated eyes at the spot where he had disappeared, until, a few seconds later, he rose again some distance across the pond holding a sandy, unconscious head above water with one hand as he kept himself afloat with the other.

"He's stunned," he called, speaking in short, laboured gasps, "and—heavy. Can you—help—up—the bank?"

The pond had been cleared out only a day or two before, and the bank shelved steeply down with no weeds or water-plants to serve as a hold; it rose nearly three feet above the water, and Roger could neither throw the boy up nor could he lift himself out of the water with his heavy burden in his arms.

"The tree!" he called again to Selma. "Hold on—to the tree."

A strong, low-growing branch of the walnut-tree reached nearly to the water's edge, and catching his meaning instantly, Selma knotted her handkerchief round it to give herself a hold, and clinging to it with one hand let herself half-way down the bank, stretching out the other hand to Roger. He caught it in a strong, firm grip—the bank crumbled, broke away, the branch creaked, the slender figure swayed and strained, and then Roger stood beside her on the grass with an inanimate little heap of dripping blue serge at their feet—the unfortunate and too enquiring Jim, whose investigations into the proceedings in the summer-house from an observatory in the walnut-tree had nearly landed him in a watery grave!

"You're not hurt?" said Roger, breathlessly, as Selma sank on her knees by the boy, almost as white as he, and trembling from head to foot.

She lifted her face to him instantly, as if the common sense of struggle and danger had swept away all self-consciousness from both, and said :

"No, oh, no! You have not hurt yourself! Oh, we must take him in! My poor little Jim!"

She bent over the dripping little figure again as she spoke, and Roger, coming hastily round to the other side, gathered it very tenderly into his arms.

"Poor little chap!" he said. "Did he fall off the tree? I wish he'd come to!"

They carried him into the house, walking quickly side by side, as they had not walked since their first meeting in the wood, their faces turned to one another in a common anxiety and a common interest.

Nearly two hours passed; everything was done that could be done, and the mischievous face remained still and quiet, as it had never been seen before except when Jim was asleep. At last, however, when his mother was bending over him, all her resources exhausted, and nothing left her but to wait for the arrival of the doctor, the freckled features quivered, the deadly pallor changed, and the eyes suddenly opened.

"You can see first-rate from that branch," said a little, thin ghost of a voice; "but it's awfully crocky."

Ten minutes later Selma ran downstairs into the hall, where Nettie was trying to comfort groups of frightened, awe-struck boys.

"He's better!" she cried. "He's all right. Nettie, auntie wants you."

Nettie tore upstairs, the boys dashed out into the garden with a wild whoop of relief, and Selma was left alone. She stood still a moment, the flush of excitement with which she had told her good news fading gradually from her face, and leaving it very white as she leant back against the oak balusters for support. Then she raised herself with a little sigh of physical fatigue, and moved towards a little door which led into the quiet, old-fashioned rose-garden. At the same moment the front-door opened, and Roger came in. He stopped short as he saw her.

"Is there any change?" he asked, quickly. "Humphrey will be back directly." Humphrey had gone for the doctor.

Selma stood quite still, looking towards him just as she had turned on the opening of the door.

"He is better," she said, softly. "I do not think he is hurt at all. You have saved him."

He took two rapid steps and stood beside her, looking down into her face with eyes which she did not meet, though she did not turn her face from him.

"Not I," he said, in a tone which was the oddest mixture of diffidence and assertion; "I could have done nothing without your help. You saved us both."

She made a slight swift gesture of denial, and there was one moment's pause. But neither seemed embarrassed. The barrier broken down in that moment when their hands had touched in that desperate, straining clutch, was not to be re-erected. At last he said, very diffidently, but not awkwardly:

"Are you sure you are not hurt? You look tired."

"Only tired," she said, lifting a pair of unconsciously pathetic eyes to his face. "My wrist is a little strained, that is all."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and then he pulled himself up as she flushed faintly at his tone, and turned involuntarily towards the garden door. "Were you going into the garden?" he said. "May I—may I come too?"

Selma did not raise her eyes, and the flush on her tired face deepened as she answered, very softly:

"If you like."

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

THERE is much talk at the present time of a National Gallery of British Art, and great impetus has been given to the subject by Mr. Henry Tate's princely offer to build a gallery for such a collection; yet this talk, which is generally supposed to have been but lately sprung, is not merely of to-day. It first took shape some fifty years ago, when, upon the death of Sir Francis Chantrey, the famous sculptor, it was found that he had left his large fortune, or rather the reversion of it upon his wife's death, in trust to the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts, in order that they might apply the income to the encouragement of English Art.

Now it is popularly supposed that this bequest was intended for the encouragement of rising talent; but, according to Sir Francis Chantrey's will, nothing was farther from his intention, except in the general

sense, that when Art is encouraged, then it naturally follows that rising talent is also encouraged. The terms of the will are that the money is to be applied to the encouragement of the Fine Arts by the purchase of either pictures or sculpture which have been wholly executed in England, with a view to forming a representative collection of English Art. The works are to be bought for their intrinsic merit only, nor is a sympathetic feeling for any artist in any way influence the decision of the President and Council, who are to pay a liberal price, which is to be left to their discretion. The money is not to be applied to the building of a gallery, which, as the will suggests, might be found by the Government. There is no stipulation that the pictures are to be selected from the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, nor is there a word about encouraging rising talent. There is a direct stipulation that no commissions are to be given, and also that the works of English or foreign artists may be bought, so long as such works have been executed in England. The income need not be spent in any particular year; but may be allowed to accumulate for five years.

Thus it will be seen that the President and Council of the Royal Academy have a very free hand. Their judgement is uncontrolled, the amount of money at their disposal is large—the legacy is reported to amount to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds—in short, nearly every possible facility is in their power to enable them to form a representative collection of works of art.

It is to be regretted that the Court of Chancery did not see its way to give still further facilities by granting the application which was made a year or two ago by the President and Council, to the effect that they might be allowed to purchase a work of sculpture in the plaster, and have it copied into marble or bronze. The Court, however, took the view that this would be giving a commission—a veritable red-tape decision; for a little more attention to common-sense, and less attention to law, would possibly have enabled the Judges to see that the work of art is finished to all intents and purposes when it leaves the modeller's hands, and that any future process is merely for preservation, be it a casting in bronze or carving in marble.

The result of this decision has been to tie the hands of the President and Council

in some degree with regard to sculpture. Another manner in which they have managed to hamper their freedom of choice, is that in always making their purchases from the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, and never coming to a decision until after the exhibition has been open for some time, they lose the chance of securing the best works of art, which are either generally sold before leaving the studios, or else are eagerly snapped up at the private view.

It might be thought that the trustees of such an important fund could visit the studios in order to secure the first refusal of promising pictures, or that they might make their decisions before the private view; for of course it is generally the best pictures which are sold, although in the case of good pictures by young men who are comparatively unknown, the trustees have been able to secure several, and have, moreover, done an immeasurable service to Art in so doing. Take the case of a young man who paints a fine picture; he is unknown to the public, who buy pictures by name, and not generally for their artistic merit; he is unknown to the dealers, who only buy what they can sell to a guileless public at an enormous profit; he has possibly spent all his substance in the production of this picture, and should he fail to sell it, the consequences for him would be serious, for not only would he find himself out of pocket, but he also, having produced a fine work of art which he cannot dispose of, becomes discouraged, and will most probably devote his attention to the painting of pictures more of the catch-penny class. At this important moment of his career, the fact that there is a possibility of his work being purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey fund is of great value; for if the matter were left to the popular judgement, the young painter of a really fine picture would have but a sorry chance of after success. There might be pointed out two or three such instances in the collection which finds a temporary home in South Kensington—the word temporary is used because it is devoutly hoped that all these pictures may find a final resting-place in Mr. Tate's new gallery, that is, if red-tape officialism will allow it to become an actual fact. There will be plenty of pictures ready to put into it, even if the donor does not include his own fine collection.

As if to intimate that there was no stipulation that works must be purchased

out of the annual exhibition at Burlington House, amongst the first pictures purchased by the trustees of the fund was a large picture by a deceased artist, W. Hilton, entitled "Christ Crowned with Thorns." It is of the species which the French call "machines," of which occasional specimens are now seen in the Royal Academy, in which the figures must of necessity be larger than life-size, or what is termed heroic. It was a favourite form of picture in past generations, and proceeded from the hands of such painters as Copley, Opie, Northcote, and Hilton. The last of these was, however, the greater artist. His works are well composed, and well drawn; but they are fast disappearing under the ravages which time works with bad pigments. Some of his works in Liverpool have cracked beyond recovery; and this one is well on the downward path.

It hardly appears clear in what manner the purchase of this picture could be called an encouragement of the Fine Arts, which, it may be taken, would mean rather the encouragement of living artists to maintain a high ideal and restrain them from sinking to vulgarity and mediocrity in their search after popularity. Again, if the money is to be expended on the purchase of works by deceased Masters, are there not many more whose works are rather to be sought after than those of Hilton? It is only necessary to mention Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Turner, and Constable. This picture, however, is the only one by a deceased painter which has been purchased; so it is just possible that the trustees have arrived at the conclusion that in so doing they were not exactly carrying out the terms of the will.

The widow of Sir Francis Chantrey did not die till 1875, surviving her munificent husband thirty-four years, so that the money bequeathed did not become available till that time. In 1877 the first purchases were made, and consisted of "Christ Crowned with Thorns," by W. Hilton, R.A., a piece of sculpture by Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.—"An Athlete Wrestling with a Python"—and six other pictures, including "Harmony," by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., and "Amy Robsart," by W. F. Yeames, R.A.

Sir Frederic Leighton's bronze is a fine, vigorous piece of work, and certainly worthy of a place in a national collection. As much cannot be said for Mr. Yeames's

"Amy Robsart," which is very commonplace, although there is some beauty in the fallen figure of the heroine; but this is spoilt by the rather inferior draping of the robe. This picture, like so many others in this collection, seems to have gone very dull. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Harmony," which was the forerunner of the *Æsthetic* craze which caused such amusement about ten years ago, is, in spite of a certain weak sentimentality, a good picture. Most people will remember the great success which it achieved on its first appearance fourteen years ago. Admiring ladies would stand in front and take mental notes of the dress of the girl seated at the organ, and mark the manner in which her hair is done, and then go away and do likewise, with fearful results; youths who felt a longing and a desire to be mistaken for persons of culture, would posture as does the youth in this picture; and, moreover, it became a necessary part of the cult that the disciples of this new mediæval *æstheticism* should wear upon their faces the look of intensity which marks the countenances of the figures in "Harmony," and which Mr. Punch called "yearning."

It is difficult to see what is the particular artistic merit of two of the pictures purchased in this year. "A Tidal River," by Joseph Knight, is a very dull and dirty piece of painting, and an uninteresting subject; but its badness is as a mere nothing compared to the work entitled "Early Promise," by Joseph Clarke; this is of the kind facetiously styled by Mr. Whistler "British"; possibly this was what recommended it. It is to be hoped that not much money was spent on it. "The Story of Ruth," by T. M. Rooke, is a rather unsatisfactory work of the Burne-Jones school. If the President and Council wished to purchase—as they certainly should—a work of this school, would it not have been more in accordance with the terms of the will if they had bought one of Mr. Burne-Jones's own pictures, and not the work of one of his pupils? "Digging for Bait," by C. W. Wylie, is a picture of some interest—a nice clever piece of painting, but hardly of sufficient importance to claim a place in a representative gallery. Undoubtedly, in the first year, the trustees purchased too many works. There was possibly an accumulation of funds; but they might have omitted at least three of their purchases. The collection is growing in size,

and attaining an importance which will not be increased by the presence of a large quantity of inferior and commonplace work.

In the following year, 1878, the only work purchased was the beautiful "Psyche" of G. F. Watts, R.A. This picture has been for some time in Dublin, consequently it cannot be more than referred to here. Purchases of this class are certainly more in accordance with the founder's design. There need, however, be no fear of Mr. Watts being inadequately represented in any English national collection of the future, for he has with great generosity presented many of his finest works to the nation, some of which are now hung in another part of the Museum.

In 1879 the best work purchased was "The Waning of the Year," by Ernest Parton, one of the finest landscapes in the collection. Its production seems to have been too much for the artist, who has done nothing of any interest since, but its influence on contemporary landscape art was very great; the Academy was flooded for years after with silver birches standing beside silver pools, and even now some artists have not lost the infection. This the first was undoubtedly the best rendering of the subject. "Toil and Pleasure," by J. R. Reid, when hanging on the walls of the Academy, was a very fresh and powerful picture. Now, even in these few years, it has lost its bright colour and has gone very black. The use of fugitive pigments seems to be the besetting sin of English artists from the time of Reynolds down to the present day. A very pathetic picture, "Their only Harvest," by Colin Hunter, A.R.A., is spoilt by the coarseness of the technique. In his anxiety to be forcible, the artist has loaded on his colour till he has lost all quality and refinement. The subject, which will be remembered by most people, is that of some fisher-folk in a boat gathering seaweed. The figures stand out dark against an evening sky, glimpses of which are reflected in the sea, which is painted in long smears of colour apparently laid on with a trowel. "The Swineherd Gurth, the son of Beowulf" is a large landscape by C. E. Johnson, which is rather ugly, and raw in colour, but well composed. It would be better if more contemporary landscape painters possessed this artist's capability of composition; nowadays a young artist sits down and copies a bit of Nature, and thinks he has painted a landscape, whereas he has only

produced a study. He has possibly heard that Sir John Millais paints his landscapes thus; so he may do, but then he knows what to leave out, also he is Sir John Millais; and a young artist is still young, and has his business to learn. A small water-colour, "An Old Mill," by J. Wade, was also purchased this year. It is good in quality, but hardly of national importance.

In the following year, 1880, four important purchases were made, which include "A Visit to Æsculapius," by E. J. Poynter, R.A.; "Napoleon on board the Bellerophon," by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.; "Britannia's Realm," by J. Brett, A.R.A.; and "Returning to the Fold," by H. W. B. Davis, R.A. Here, certainly, under the popular superstition that the bequest was to benefit young artists, was a chance for an outcry; but there is no doubt that as the President and Council got a chance of securing these works, they did perfectly right in buying them. "The Visit to Æsculapius" is one of Mr. Poynter's best works, painted before he developed that obtrusiveness of detail which now mars his work; the best part of the picture is the background, where, no doubt, Mr. Poynter's training as an architect stood in good stead. The figures of Venus and the Three Graces would be improved by better draughtsmanship in the wrists and ankles. The composition of the picture suffers from the fact that the figures are nearly all in one plane, and that the colour is rather crude. "Napoleon on board the Bellerophon" is also one of Mr. Orchardson's best works, though very inferior in technique to his present work. He has painted so many fine pictures of late years, and has improved so much in this particular, that it perhaps might be wished that one of his later works had been secured. "Britannia's Realm" might also be called Mr. Brett's best work. It is devoid of those prismatic and photographic qualities which he has of late affected. H. W. B. Davis's "Returning to the Fold" is the least satisfactory of the four, perhaps because it does not show the artist at his best.

The high level attained in 1880 is not maintained in 1881, for it is a long descent from the pictures first named to "The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson," by John Collier, nor is "The Prodigal Son," by W. Calder Marshall, R.A., of much higher stamp.

In 1882 a work of Marcus Stone's was

purchased. This artist's pictures are so popular with the general public that contemporary Art would not be considered as fully represented unless one at least of his works were purchased. This one entitled, "Ily en a toujours un autre," is a very good example.

"Teucer," by Hamo Thornycroft, is a very good example of the best school of contemporary sculpture: full of fine, vigorous modelling. The selections of the President and Council in sculpture seem to be much happier than in painting, possibly because the choice is more limited, and also because they are generally able to purchase the best work in ideal sculpture, for which—with sorrow be it said—there is not much sale in England, that is, at a remunerative price.

In 1883, a very fine work was purchased in the river scene entitled, "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth, on a Flowing Tide," by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A. Here again, the trustees have been fortunate enough to secure what may be justly considered the masterpiece of the artist, for assuredly Mr. Wyllie has painted no better picture than this magnificent rendering of the always-interesting Pool of London.

"The Joyless Winter Day," by J. Farquharson, attracted much attention in the Royal Academy; but here in the gallery it strikes one as colourless and uninteresting. There is surely more colour to be found in snow than is here depicted.

In 1884, the purchases were "After Culloden, Rebel Hunting," by Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.; "The Vigil," by J. Pettie, R.A.; and a landscape, "My Love has gone a-Sailing," by David Murray, A.R.A. Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture is the best of the trio. There is some fine character drawing in the figures; but the light and shade is unsatisfactory. Mr. David Murray's landscape is pleasing; it is hung too high to be well seen; but it is not much praise to say that it is better than most of the landscapes here. Mr. Pettie's picture, "The Vigil," is the least satisfactory; the composition, which consists of a gaunt kneeling figure, very much to one side, is ill-considered, and the colour is bad.

In 1885, no less than six pictures were purchased, only three of which are of any interest. "Cat's-paws off the Land," by H. Moore, A.R.A., was painted in the year that the artist was elected to academical honours. It is marked by his marvellous knowledge of his subject, and is bright and pleasing in colour; but it is not by

any means up to the larger paintings of the sea which he has exhibited since, for which he obtained such high honours at the Paris Exhibition. "Found," by H. Herkomer, R.A., is a large landscape, possibly—after Mr. Parton's—the best in the collection. "The Stream," by J. C. Hook, R.A., is not at all a satisfactory example of this master of seascape. "Dog in the Manger," by W. H. Hunt, is a picture which, if painted half the size, would look twice as well. The calves are well painted, but are too clean, and look as if they had been specially spruced up before having their portraits taken. The whole picture is rather too British in character. "A Golden Thread," by J. M. Strudwick, is another of the Burne-Jones-and-water type—if such a description may be allowed. Mr. Burne-Jones is a great artist. He has a wonderful imagination, great poetic feeling, and strong sense of harmonious colouring; but, after all, he is mannered, and these mannerisms diluted are not exactly what are required in a national collection. The fondness of the President and Council for the works of Mr. Joseph Clarke is surprising. Not content with the masterpiece entitled "Early Promise," above referred to, they have presented the public with another example, entitled "Mother's Darling." Even popular taste could not have fallen lower than this.

It is pleasant, after the concluding bathos of the last year's purchase, to chronicle that, in 1886, the works secured were very much above the average. "Cromwell at Dunbar," by A. C. Gow, R.A., is a fine picture. It is not very forcible—perhaps Mr. Gow never is very forcible—but it is very correct and well-studied in drawing, and, as far as technique is concerned, better than anything he has done. "The Magic Circle," by J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., is one of those rare works which show a vivid imagination. The whole scene depicted in moonlight shows a keen appreciation of Nature, although, of course, it cannot have been painted from Nature. The colouring is soft and harmonious, and, although it is hung next to a glaring green landscape, it does not suffer at all, but rather shows how good it is. A most graceful little statue, called "Folly," by Onslow Ford, R.A., completes the purchases for this year, which are very creditable to the trustees, as displaying a catholic spirit and a keen appreciation of very diverse qualities; for what could be

more opposed than the work of Mr. Gow and Mr. Waterhouse? In all fairness it must be admitted that this catholic spirit—which if it does not encourage, at any rate tolerates, all styles—is evidenced frequently in the various purchases, although, perhaps, the spirit is rather strained when it descends to take notice of such works as "Early Promise," and "Mother's Darling."

In 1887, five pictures, widely differing in character, were purchased. "Galway Gossip," by E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., and "When Nature Painted all Things Gay," by Alfred Parsons, are two landscapes which show all the faults and all the excellences of the present school of landscape painters. They have the appearance of being direct renderings of some actual scene, very well painted, but lacking breadth and dignity. The values are wrong, and there is a want of atmosphere. In Mr. Parsons' landscape the grass is as flat as the canvas, and has no perspective at all. These artists try to paint Nature exactly as they see it, and Nature is too much for them. Our great landscape artists did not work in this way; and, until by this method finer works than theirs can be produced, their way must be believed in. A tree must be judged by its fruit.

"The Last Match," by W. Small, is a humorous picture of the kind frequently to be found in the Academy exhibition; it represents an Irishman in trouble with his pig, trying to light his pipe with his last match, while a colleen shelters him from the wind. It is very good of its kind, but that kind has a popularity which is fleeting. "Ayesha," by "Val Prinsep," A.R.A., is a fanciful picture of an Indian girl, of no great interest. The remaining purchase of this year, "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," by J. L. Sargent, has been a great bone of contention. On its appearance on the Academy walls, the artists all swore by it, the public would have none of it; but the President and Council settled the question by purchasing it. Now, there is a large section of artists who believe in the gospel laid down by Mr. Whistler, that what is to be sought for in a picture is not subject, but harmony—absolutely harmonious colouring. There is much to be said for the theory, and more to be said against it; but there it remains as the creed, for the time being, of many of the younger artists of to-day, especially amongst those known as im-

pressionists. Now, it is not often that we find an artist who can produce a picture in which the harmony is so perfect as to be sufficient: that is to say, in a picture which depends only on its harmony for its effect; but here, say the artists—not only those younger ones above referred, but the great majority of artists—in this picture of Mr. Sargent's we have it. Surely any one looking at the picture must admit that they are right; that value, tone, and colour blend into one harmonious and charming whole. The picture is slightly decorative in treatment, and that is what the public cannot understand; they want to know where the sky is, and what those lilies are doing at the top of the picture. They can see two beautiful children lighting Chinese lanterns in a garden, with the glow reflected on their cheeks; but they cannot conceive that possibly the artist did not want his sky, as it would have interfered with his scheme of colour, so he carried his flower background up to the top of the picture. But whatever may now be thought, a few years hence, when impressionism shall have gone the way of æstheticism, it may possibly be found that it produced one fine work in "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose."

In 1888 four pictures were purchased: "Uplands and Sky," by Adrian Stokes; "The Pool of London," by Vicat Cole, R.A.; "Saint Martin's in the Fields," by W. Logsdail; "A Hopeless Dawn," by Frank Bramley—a quartett of works on the acquisition of which the trustees are to be congratulated. "The Pool of London" is the least satisfactory—it lacks freshness and breadth, and smacks too much of the studio. It has to compete with Mr. Wyllie's magnificent rendering of the same subject. "Uplands and Sky," by Adrian Stokes, is a fine painting of cattle; "Saint Martin's in the Fields," by W. Logsdail, will be appreciated by Londoners as a very truthful rendering of a well-known corner. How beautifully Mr. Logsdail draws architecture, and how thoroughly he appreciates the London character, and takes advantage of the beautiful grey colour which is seen nowhere else! A finer piece of painting than the little flower-girl in the foreground of this picture it would be difficult to find. "A Hopeless Dawn," by Frank Bramley, is a very fine work, the direct antithesis of "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose." Here everything is subject; the artist has a story to tell, and he tells it in the most

direct and simple manner. Melodramatic! say the votaries of the other school. No, this is not melodrama, at least, as they meant it, but rather the stately griefs and bowed head of tragedy. Pathos it is, too, of the most moving kind, to which all things in the picture give point. This is British Art of the true kind, superior even to the sneers of Mr. Whistler. A protest must be entered against the method of description on the frame; the proper title is "A Hopeless Dawn," not simply "Hopeless Dawn" as written. This kind of mistake occurs several times in this collection.

In 1889 some good pictures were bought, including "Charterhouse Chapel," by H. Herkamer, R.A., which naturally carries the mind back to "The Last Muster," by the same artist. It will not, however, compare with it for a moment. The figures of the old "Coddys," as Carthusians call them, are finely painted, but they are much too large, and being all dressed in black, fairly swamp the picture. If the figures had been kept smaller, and more of the chapel, which is an interesting building, had been included, the picture would have been much improved. There is always a very commonplace effect about a canvas that is filled up with figures of a large size, except, of course, in the case of one or two figures. "The Prodigal Son," by John M. Swan, is a picture by an artist very little known to the public, for the reason that most of his work has been exhibited in the French Salon. He is a superb painter of animals. This picture hangs over Mr. Bramley's, and is also painted with a daybreak effect; but otherwise has nothing in common, except, perhaps, that it is a very pathetic rendering of the Bible story, magnificently painted. The two, however, should not have been hung together. "All Hands to the Pumps," by H. S. Tuke, is a very clever picture; but like most of the work of the Newlyn School, it is very monotonous in colour. It strikes one as being an absolutely truthful rendering. "Sheep-washing," by J. Aumonier, is a pleasing landscape, but of no very great interest. The same might be said of "Germinal," a water-colour, by L. Smythe. Its execution is good, it is very pleasant; but why is it of national interest? "Ignis Fatuus," a bronze relief, by H. A. Pegram, does not very clearly explain its subject. In a circular panel are two figures, male and female, overcome by some intoxicating

fumes; at least, that is apparently what is intended, but the subject demands greater explanatory treatment than could be given in a piece of sculpture, and should, therefore, have been avoided. The modelling is very clever and crisp.

Of the purchases of 1890 only one has yet been hung. "Evening Stillness," a water-colour by R. B. Nisbet, is a very beautiful landscape with a gloaming effect. Certainly this is the best of the three water-colours bought by the trustees.

It will be seen from the description, that, though there are some fine pictures included in the purchases, there is much that is of no interest, while some well-known names are conspicuous by their absence. There is nothing by Sir John Millais, nor by Alma Tadema, Briton Rivière, or Burne-Jones, and no sculpture by Alfred Gilbert, and no painting by Sir F. Leighton; the work of J. C. Hook and Henry Moore is badly represented; nor is a single water-colour painter of any note included in the list. Surely all these ought to be represented in a national gallery of English Art, and if no examples of their work can be purchased from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, possibly the sales at Christie's might supply the want.

In the management of a fund of this description, it is impossible to please all; but the safeguard lies in the collective wisdom of the President and Council, who ought to know what a good picture is, and can, by a judicious selection, guide the public taste to a better appreciation of real merit.

It is hoped that the high standard which has been reached by the purchases made in some years, may be maintained in the future, and that it may be free from the occasional lapses into the commonplace and uninteresting which have marked the formation of the Chantrey Collection.

SMOLLETT IN THE SOUTH.

THAT sunny side of the European garden wall, stretching eastward from Marseilles along the sea-coast, has become, in these latter days, such a favourite haunt for those blessed with money and leisure enough to enable them to take flight and escape the rigours of such a winter and spring as we have endured, and are enduring, that it seems hard to imagine a time when a visit to it might not form a portion of the season's round.

In the last century a limited number of the golden youth went the grand tour; but this was, for most of them, an affair of seeing the manners and cities of all sorts and conditions of men; a progress, and not a settling-down for the winter in some secluded, sunny nook, after the fashion of the wiser of our modern winter pilgrims. Certain of the more opulent invalids, who had lost faith in Bath and Cheltenham, journeyed in search of health to Tours or Montpellier—cities of consideration where society was to be found, and where most of the wants of the valetudinarian could be supplied—but the people who ventured on a sojourn at Nice were very few until times comparatively recent. One record, however, exists of a stay there of a year and a half's duration: the one contained in Smollett's most interesting letters from abroad during 1763 and the following year.

He was at that time suffering from an obstinate attack of asthma, and, like many other invalids, was ordered to try the climate of Montpellier, a town standing in the direct path of the Mistral in its withering course from the Alps to the Mediterranean, and about as favourable a haunt for the invalid as his native Scotland. Smollett's first experiences of foreign travel might stand side by side with those of many a traveller of to-day; and, indeed, as long as we are in his company it is impossible to avoid the reflection how little the humours and accidents of travel are altered by the flight of years.

The farther south he gets—though in Languedoc all articles of housekeeping are cheaper than in any other part of France—the higher he finds the price of accommodation. And why? Simply because he is nearing that country where the English travellers most do congregate. The air, he further informs us, is counted salutary in "catarrhus consumptions," from its dryness and elasticity, but is too sharp for cases of "pulmonary imposthumes."

But in any case it did not suit Smollett's complaint. And one is not surprised at this, after reading his remarks on the climate. In November it began to rain, and went on without ceasing for the best part of a week, leaving the air so loaded with vapour that there was no walking after sunset without getting wet to the skin. But there is a hint of another reason which may have urged on his flight. There was a regular English resident society. There were "tolerable" concerts

twice a week, and receptions ad libitum. "These very circumstances," he naïvely remarks, "would determine me to leave. I cannot bear a company which pours in unexpectedly at all hours." Again, from his own knowledge of medicine, he seems to have discovered that the leading physician was a pretentious impostor.

He travelled from Montpellier by Beaucaire, Nîmes, Aix, to Brignolles; and during the last stage the Mistral blew so bitter a blast that the coachman, either incapable from frozen fingers, or distracted by the malignity of the wind, smashed the carriage wheel against a street-corner. The landlady at Brignolles, a good Catholic, wanted him to dine off stinking fish and a ragout of eggs and onions, as it was a "maigre" day; but the doctor had caught sight of a leg of mutton and a brace of partridges hanging in the larder as he entered, and, after some difficulty, he managed to persuade her to put these on the board.

Here he met a friendly French officer, who had once been a prisoner of war in England, and felt no rancour towards his whilom jailers. This was a true son of the South, for he assured Smollett that there was nowhere upon earth another spot so fair as Brignolles. He was also an exponent of the tradition—transmitted to, and amplified by, the southern landlord of to-day—that the Mistral is a wind very rare in these happy lands; that this season was altogether an exceptional one. One may imagine that the doctor, blue with cold, and shivering, with his lungs and throat rasped by the infernal wind, and with that leg of mutton question not yet satisfactorily settled, did not quite reciprocate the officer's politeness, and may have growled out the remark that, according to the report of the inhabitants of any particular place, bad seasons there are always exceptional. But then he heard the remark for the first time, and may have given it credit; and we may hope that his reply was more courteous than that which ordinarily falls from the lips of the contemporary Briton on being told, for the sixth time, in the middle of a snowstorm at Cannes, that such a phenomenon had not been witnessed within the memory of living men.

And sure enough, the next morning, at Brignolles, the snow lay a foot thick; and the good doctor rubbed his eyes, and fancied he must have mistaken his way and got into the Scottish Highlands. It

is to be feared that his temper must have been a little upset, for that same day, when he halted for dinner at Muy—a wretched place he calls it—he tried the risky game of reckoning without his host, and laid down two livres in payment for a dinner which the landlord valued at three. Recriminations followed; but the doctor would not budge an inch—no more would the postillions, when, by a wink from Boniface, they were advised as to how matters stood.

"The fellows declared they would not budge," he writes, "until I should pay their master; and as I threatened them with manual chastisement, they alighted, and disappeared in a twinkling. I was now so incensed that, though I could hardly breathe, though the afternoon was far advanced, and the street covered with wet snow, I walked to the Consul of the town, and made my complaint in form. This magistrate, who seemed to be a tailor, accompanied me to the inn, where, by this time, the whole town was assembled, and endeavoured to persuade me to compromise the affair. I said, as he was the magistrate, that I would stand to his award; that I had already paid a reasonable price for the dinner; and that I now demanded post-horses according to the King's ordonnance. The aubergiste said the horses were ready, but the guides were run away; and he could not find others. I argued with great vehemence, offering to leave a louis d'or for the poor, provided the Consul would oblige the rascal to do his duty. The Consul shrugged up his shoulders, and declared that it was not in his power. This was a lie; but I perceived that he had no mind to disoblige the publican. If my mules had not been sent on, I should certainly have not only payed what I thought proper, but corrected the landlord into the bargain for his insolence and extortion; but now I was entirely at his mercy; and as the Consul continued to exhort me in very humble terms to comply with his demands, I thought proper to acquiesce. Then the postillions immediately appeared; the crowd seemed to exult in the triumph of the aubergiste; and I was obliged to travel in the night, in very severe weather."

The passage of the Esterel Mountains was safely accomplished, the fierce banditti, which in times comparatively recent had frequented them, having been exterminated. There are some who would

dispute this last statement, and maintain the leaders' descendants still exist, and prosperously, too, in the immediate neighbourhood, having exchanged the carbine and the knife for the baccarat-table and the roulette-wheel; while others, sprung, peradventure, from the first lieutenants, lay down, near their caves, courts for a certain game of ball, and subscribe liberally to foreign journals, and even subsidise heretical places of worship as lures for the traveller worth fleeing. Beyond the Esterels the doctor found at last the summer of which he was in search. On one side of the post-house, where he halted to dine, was winter, bare and bleak, and on the other, the slopes of the mountains were covered with oranges, and myrtles, and sweet juniper, and all manner of fragrant and lovely flowers. The next night was passed at Cannes, a little fishing town agreeably situated on the head of the sea; and there he heard report of a certain Monsieur Nadeau d'Etrueil, a former Governor of Guadeloupe, who was condemned, like another famous, or infamous officer of more recent times, to imprisonment for life in the island prison of Saint Marguerite. At the Var, the frontier of France was passed, and there the doctor's luggage underwent a Customs visitation as terrible as that which now awaits the modern traveller's farther east at Vintimiglia. The same methods, however, which will now pass any number of Saratoga trunks unopened through the Custom House at the last-named place, was then sufficient to frank the doctor's luggage into the country of Nice. He counsels all travellers to be free with their coin at such junctures, and, as a somewhat singular comment on his late policy at Muy, to put up with the extortions of innkeepers with a smiling face.

At Nice, Smollett found the inns detestable, and, as no ready-furnished lodgings were to be had, he hired a ground-floor at the rate of twenty pounds a year, which he calls an extortionate sum. The good doctor would surely have a fit, were he now on earth and wanting to hire a similar apartment on the Promenade des Anglais. He found the town dirty and malodorous; and those who have perambulated the town in the old quarters—the Nice of Smollett's day—will agree that the increase of sanitary science has been less rapid than that of the rent of apartments. The inhabitants must have been a hardy race; for he speaks of the houses of the humbler

sort having windows filled only with paper. The bourgeois, however, were already falling into sybaritic ways, and fitting their windows with glass.

Nowadays, many home-abiding people receive from friends on the Riviera boxes of cut flowers at a time when the dearth of English bloom makes the present doubly acceptable. When the box is not smashed they praise the Post Office; and if they have never travelled on its system, say kind things of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway for thus speeding to them this floral gift, which will serve to make the drawing-room bright for a week with anemones and violets, and generally remark that this is a wonderful age that we are living in. Hear what Smollett says in 1764:

"I must tell you that presents of carnations are sent from hence, in the winter, to Turin and Paris, nay, sometimes as far as London, by the post. They are packed up in a wooden box, without any sort of preparation, one pressed upon another. The person who receives them cuts off a little bit of the stalk and steeps them for two hours in vinegar and water, when they recover their full bloom and beauty. Then he places them in water-bottles in an apartment where they are screened from the severities of the weather, and they will continue fresh and unfaded the best part of a month."

The horror of the Barbary corsairs—evidences of which the visitors of to-day may mark in the massive fortifications of Eza, Auribeau, and many others of the coast villages—was yet real and active in Smollett's time; but, according to his showing, France, England, and Holland had entered into a sort of informal partnership with these pirates, by keeping them well supplied with arms and ammunition, and even granting them subsidies, so as to enable them to maintain a continual war against Spain and the other Catholic Mediterranean powers. Thus these latter, fearing to trade in their own vessels, were forced to employ the maritime powers as carriers. It is not pleasant to be reminded that the mighty stream of British commerce should ever have been swelled by such unclean affluents as Smollett here hints of. In the harbour of Villafranca, where now one generally sees a trim American corvette lying at anchor, Smollett found two Sardinian galleys filled with criminals, with here and there a quasi-prisoner of war, taken in battle with

some Salles or Tunis rover. To most people it would seem that these gentry might well have been swung at the yard-arm at once; but Smollett talks, in a strain which reminds one of the contemporary sentimentalist, about the iniquity of mixing them up with common criminals and banditti. The condition of the convicts was very shocking. They lay in indescribable filth, chained day and night to their benches. A few were knitting stockings: but the greater part lay in stupefied idleness, though at this time the road from Nice to Villafranca was scarce passable on horseback, and might have been made fit for carriages by the labour of these convicts in the course of a few months.

Our traveller's northern Protestantism was somewhat affronted by the prevalence of religious superstition, reigning under the darkest shades of ignorance. In Nice he found that the churches were sanctuaries for all kinds of criminals—robbers, smugglers, fraudulent bankrupts, being received with open arms, and never given up till their pardon had been arranged. At the present time there is a legend that an influx of a similar character sets towards Nice every autumn; but as none of its members are ever seen inside a church, it is to be inferred that the privilege of sanctuary has been withdrawn. Many of them live royally, and pay their way like honest men; and, having carefully mastered the details of the laws of extradition, are able to face the police with an untroubled brow. Smollett complains that the English were greatly overcharged at Nice, just as at Montpellier, for all they bought in the shops; and characterises the shopkeepers themselves as greedy and over-reaching, many of them bankrupts of Marseilles and Genoa, and other countries, who had fled from their creditors to Nice, which, being a free port, afforded an asylum to foreign cheats and sharpers of every denomination. They must, however, have been clever men of business, for he remarks that the Jews of Nice were very poor. Indeed, the picture he draws of the poverty of the labouring classes at every point he touched during his journey along the coast to Genoa, is a terrible one. There was not even a mule-path on land, so he hired a felucca and halted at Monaco, Mentone, San Remo, Noli, Savona, and many other towns, and his remarks are all in the same key. Round about Nice he found the labourers diminutive, meagre,

withered, and dirty; half naked, and bearing all the signs of extreme poverty. Their food was the refuse of the garden, and their hogs lived better than their children. They were all thieves and beggars; but, in spite of this, serious crime was very rare, nor was there any drunkenness or riot. He finds another gauge of the prevalent misery in the condition of the domestic animals. The horses and mules were mere skeletons, and the cats and dogs dangerously rapacious through hunger. Birds were hardly ever seen on account of the incessant shooting them for sale as game.

At San Remo and Noli, and at every other point of stoppage, the same evidences of poverty were apparent. The inns were filthy, and the landlords churlish and extortionate. Where the railway and the road now run, there was a rocky path, practicable only to the inhabitants; the Republic of Genoa, for some reason or other, being unwilling to encourage settlement in that part of its dominions. Considering what the discomforts of the voyage must have been, it is wonderful that Smollett should have kept so well the even temper which, with a few slight exceptions, characterises his remarks, and have found opportunity of giving so much valuable and interesting information as to the social condition of the countries he traversed. His description of the Roman remains at Fréjus, and Cimiés, and Turbia is full and scholarly, while a large proportion of the English who now rush past them, intent on a spell of gambling or winter tennis, have never heard of their existence, being, one and all, too busy with their idleness to spare a moment for the consideration of these problems, which are just as susceptible of interesting treatment now as they were in Smollett's time.

MRS. DIFFIDENCE.

MRS. DIFFIDENCE, as readers of that almost unequalled classic, "The Pilgrim's Progress," will remember, was the wife of Giant Despair; and so, we may suppose, part owner of Doubting Castle. Her name has been a puzzle to many. Diffidence we have been used to look upon as an amiable weakness; in the young, indeed, as almost a virtue. But Mrs. Diffidence is an awful character, a Jezebel, or Lady Macbeth, who stirs her husband to cruelty. In the curtain conferences that Bunyan

describes so graphically, it is the wife who suggests all the husband's barbarities. It is she who recommends the use of the grievous crab-tree cudgel, and the insidious persuasion to suicide, and the exhibition of the bones and skulls of those who had before been slain. It was through the counsel of the artful old giantess that the escape of the giant's captives had almost been prevented.

"I fear," said she to her husband, "that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them; or that they have pick-locks about them, by means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant—they were a loving pair; we must say that for them. "I will, therefore, search them in the morning."

But happily, in the morning, the birds were flown.

It was a curious notion of Bunyan's, to kill off the giant and giantess in the second part of the Allegory, and destroy Doubting Castle. We cannot but conclude that there has been a marvellous resurrection of the fond couple, and a rebuilding—by voluntary subscription, or otherwise—of their venerable habitation. The reason why the name of Diffidence appears to us inappropriate to the terrible old lady is that the word has changed in the two centuries since Bunyan wrote, if not in its literal meaning, in its ordinary use. From fide, to trust, we get confide, the opposite to which is diffide—a word not out of use in Bunyan's time. Confidence, therefore, is trust, and diffidence is unbelief. In Bunyan's eyes, nothing was worse than unbelief, or even doubt. As to Tennyson's "honest doubt," it would have made Bunyan furious. "When Diffidence, the giantess, came up to help" her husband, as in duty bound, "old Mr. Honest cut her down at one blow." Honesty and unbelief were in Bunyan's view of things flat opposites. At first, diffidence was mainly distrust of others, now it is distrust of ourselves. And this, I dare say, Bunyan would have said is retribution. We begin by doubting the higher powers, we end by renouncing faith in ourselves.

Taking diffidence in its modern sense, it is pretty evident that it must be conquered before a man can do anything great and good; or anything great and bad. A diffident person would never have won for himself favourable notice in De Quincey's "Essay on Murder." If he had begun a

murder well, he would have become panic-struck as it proceeded, and huddled it up at the close. A diffident burglar would never retire upon his savings. He would even run the risk of being driven in the end to earn his living honestly. We may be diffident in well-doing, and that is a pity; or we may be diffident in evil-doing, and that may keep us out of mischief.

The diffident people will not count for very much in the battle of life. When they were boys at school and sides were tossed for at any game, they were always the last selected. And now—who would choose a diffident soldier to command an army, or a diffident sailor to direct a fleet? Who would submit to be operated upon by a diffident surgeon, or would wish to have his portrait painted by a diffident artist? A man has no chance in any walk of life without some measure of confidence, and we may almost go on to say that in proportion to his confidence will be his success. We first overcame our diffidence when we learned to walk and to talk—in the walking we displayed our physical courage, in the talking our moral courage; and it is very doubtful if we have ever done anything more heroic since. What clever little chaps we must have been, to balance ourselves longways, and then to lift one foot into the air, thus disturbing the balance so painfully acquired, and so through all the complicated evolutions which constitute the science of walking! And talking—think of the decision of character required in order to the making of uncouth sounds with the mouth and throat that shall be intelligible to the stupid grown-up creatures around us! You have to make a dash at it, or you will never be able to do it at all. Especially you must set loosely by all considerations of personal dignity. So also in mature life; no man has achieved distinction who has been afraid of making a fool of himself. The public never thoroughly appreciate a man until he has made an exhibition of himself. Some idols of the multitude repeat the performance annually, but the worst of this plan is, that properly to strike the mind, each performance must be more outrageous than the last, and that calls for rare inventive power, and is a terrible strain upon the poor idol's wooden head.

Moses undertook at a divine command one of the most stupendous enterprises ever committed to man, but he was very reluctant to undertake the task.

A man may be able to overcome his diffidence and not be able to overcome his modesty. Or it may be that the misgivings of the great Jewish leader are to be reckoned among the "fears of the brave, and follies of the wise"; the cases in which a man fails in his strongest point. Oliver Cromwell had his diffident moments, and Queen Elizabeth. The first Napoleon supplies almost the grandest instance of self-confidence that the world has seen. But, if De Bourrienne is to be trusted, there was a time in Napoleon's early history when his great fortunes nearly received a fatal check because of his diffidence. In appearing before the Council of the Ancients, "nothing could be more confused, or worse enunciated, than the ambiguous and disjointed replies of Buonaparte." The "interruptions, apostrophes, and interrogations, overwhelmed him; he believed himself lost." But the Ancients were diffident, too, or De Bourrienne thinks "that, instead of sleeping on the morrow in the palace of the Luxembourg, he would have finished his part in the square of the Revolution." That is to say, losing his head metaphorically would have led to his losing it literally, the guillotine being still kept handy.

Little Johnny Russell, as he was affectionately called, hardly knew what diffidence was. He thought he could do anything—the saying has it—from performing a surgical operation to commanding the Channel Fleet. But if he had been only ordinarily confident, how would he have got his Reform Bill passed? The Reform Bills since have been far more sweeping than that first one; but the carrying of them has been child's play as compared with the desperate struggle by which the victory of 1832 was won.

An ordinary man can hardly grasp the idea of courage and determination such as must be possessed by commanders of armies in great battles. Think of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo! The immense forces arrayed against him; the numbers on his side; the tremendous issues that hung upon victory or defeat; the fatal consequences that might follow the least error in judgement! Think of these considerations pressing upon the brain of one mortal man! And he alone responsible! Why, many poor wretches have cut their throats to escape a thousandth part of such a responsibility!

We may thank Providence that we have

not been called to fill the throne or wield the bâton, or even handle the more peaceful crozier. It is little that we should be asked to show decision of character in common things. The man set a good example who, being asked if he could play the violin, replied that he didn't know, for he hadn't tried. If a cook wants to retain her proper supremacy, she must be ready to furnish any dish for which her mistress calls. Marinated pheasant poultés à la braise impériale? Certainly, madam. "This is a difficulty, brethren," said the preacher, coming to a perplexing passage, "one that has puzzled the most eminent expositors; let us look it boldly in the face, and—pass on." Many men have made their reputations by looking difficulties boldly in the face; that they pass on doesn't seem to detract from their fame.

Mrs. Diffidence would be a benefactor to mankind if she would confine her ministrations to the wicked. If she would unsettle the nerves of the despot, divert the aim of the assassin, paralyse the tongue of the slanderer, we would count her a friend. Mischievous boys, too, would be greatly benefited by some lessons from the giantess. But, alas!—it seems hard to blame her for it—she feels most at home in the society of the wise and good. Why the wicked should do evil with both hands diligently, and the righteous put only a finger to their work, is one of those difficulties which we can recognise but cannot solve. Instead of destroying Doubting Castle, honest folk would do well, after furnishing it with fresh bolts and bars, to beguile into its chambers all rogues, knaves, liars, and other enemies of mankind, and get the giant and his wife to keep them there for ever.

A GARRISON ROMANCE.

By MRS. LEITH ADAMS (MRS. LAFFAN).

Author of "Louis Draycott," "Geoffrey Stirling," "Aunt Hepsey's Foundling," etc.

CHAPTER II. PHIL'S FEAT OF DARING.

IN a community such as a garrison, where ramifications are numerous, and ties many and complicated, there is a good deal of that spirit abroad which is said to instigate one sheep to follow another sheep through a gap in the hedge, until the whole flock are landed in the next meadow, or out on the road, as the case may be.

A week later than that afternoon gathering at Major Clutterbuck's which was described in our last chapter, every one of that "set," and various people in various other sets, had called upon "Jones, of Seething Lane."

The man's unassuming simplicity, his guilelessness, his plain, straightforward ways—his naïve admiration of the people and things among which he found himself, won their way with every one who came in contact with him. People liked him, and cultivated him. His original remarks and ideas were something fresh to them, tickling the jaded senses of men tethered in an island home, and pretty well acquainted with all the specimens therein congregated. The youngsters sat round him delightedly, mostly astride barrack-room chairs—chairs which were as great a puzzle to Mr. Jones as could have been any utterance of the Sphinx. Indeed, everything was a puzzle to Mr. Jones. These young men—so highly bred, so full of knowledge of the world, visiting at palaces and such-like places, and yet so shabby in their mode of life!

"Government gives you but poor kind of places," he said, once, glancing round the room of the Honourable Bob. The Honourable Bob screwed his glass painfully tight into his right eye.

"Ya'as," he said, "the Government has no consideration for a fellow's instincts"; then, with a shrug and a look round the bare, whitewashed walls on which a long list of subalterns had paid barrack-damages for "nails knocked into plaster," "Government's a beast—still we manage to rub along somehow. I hire that sofa from a ruffian in Strada Stretta—a confounded old Jew fellow who charges me more than sixty times its value, fact—'pon honour!"

"What," thought Jones, of Seething Lane, "is the use of being the Honourable Bob, or the Honourable Anything, if you have to hire a sofa from a ruffian-like Jew, and live in a room without a wall-paper!"

It appeared to Mr. Jones that the pomp and glitter of military life had sides to it of which his wildest imagination had never dreamed.

"Why, if I asked Dodson"—Dodson was his chief manager—"to sit in a room like that, he'd—he'd blow my head off—I'm blest if he wouldn't. . . . And yet . . . why, just look at the cut of them when they're got up for show! Dodson couldn't do it though he tried for a month of Sundays—nor I couldn't do it—nor none of us couldn't do it. They

look as if their clothes grew on 'em, and how they manage to walk without getting their swords between their legs, beats me hollow. Jones, my boy, you're learning a sight more of life in a week in this bit of an island, than you've done in all the years that have gone before . . . of gay life, mind, life in the gay world, not business life—I yield to no man there. I've worked hard, and made my pile—as they say in America—by the sweat of my brow, and it's meet that I should take a little jaunt and see the bright side of things—that's what it is—and I'm having a good time, and no mistake."

Thus ran the thoughts of the man who found himself in the midst of such strange surroundings.

Major Clutterbuck had led the way, the Honourable Bob had followed; gradually Mr. Jones had made the acquaintance of a still wider circle. To such men as Charley Rowan and Vernon Halkett the straightforward, clearly-apparent excellences of the man appealed strongly. He had no wish to appear other than he was. No villa residence at Highbury, or Reigate was brought to the fore as a sort of set-off against the City. He was proud of being a business man, and of the character he had made for himself in that capacity. Deeply interested in the men of a world differing so much from his own world, he had yet no shadow of a wish to try and cross the boundary that separated them. He told them in his simple, unpretending way how he had raised himself from very small things to the position he now held. He seemed more surprised at his own success than even his listeners. His keen eyes softened and glistened as he spoke of his old mother, who was so bewildered by the luxury with which he insisted upon surrounding her, that she appeared to be very much in the state of the little old woman in the immortal rhyme, who cried, "If I be I, as I hopes I be—"

"Mother wouldn't come to live in London, not she," he said, beaming upon them as they sat eagerly listening, and feeling that at last heaven had, in truth, sent them some new thing; "she thinks all the wickedness of the world is gathered together in London, and is always warning me against its ways and its snares. I couldn't get her to set her foot in a brougham, nor a victoria, nor nothing of that sort; so I've got her a gig—a first-class kind of a gig, you know—and she says that it's a seemly kind of a

vehicle enough, and fit for a plain Christian woman. She's taken to it, you may say, and is proud of it in her own fashion, telling people it is a gift from her son, who is a rich man in London City, and can afford it right enough without wronging any man. I expect you all know the old song?

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller have to spare.

I went in for singing a good deal at one time; I'd a sweet little pipe of a voice when I was a kid. They'd used to set me in a little chair on the table in the inn parlour—the 'Rosy Jane' the inn was called—and make mesing for them. 'Little Nightingale' they used to call me, and they'd hammer the table like anything when I'd done. My father was the village post-master, and much thought of as a man of parts. He was proud enough to hear me sing, I can tell you, and that was the song he loved best of all. I never thought in those days that I should say those self-same words to my old mother, and mean them, too."

They were deeply interested. The Honourable Bob said "By Jove!" many times during the recital. When Jones, of Seething Lane, quavered a verse of the said song in a not unmelodious—though rather worn—baritone, his satisfaction knew no bounds. He swore it was better than the opera. Mr. Jones was flattered, and sang a second verse, and even a third.

It has been said that the good man was somewhat stout and florid. After his dinner he would sometimes get a bit mottled about his clean-shaven cheeks; but he was one who knew what it meant to be moderate in all things, and his eyes never lost their clear and kindly light, nor his voice its pleasant timbre. If in certain aspects his features might be termed heavy, a wonderful refinement and softness was given by the deep cleft in a finely-formed chin; and surely there never was a kindlier smile!

He dined at mess as the guest of Major Clutterbuck, sitting on that radiant gentleman's right, and opposite Lindsay, the senior Major. Mr. Jones was in a high state of contentment. He looked up and down the "thin, red line" of scarlet coats on either side the long table, wondering within himself that the men liked to have their coats made like a schoolboy's Eton jacket, and the waistcoats set so

thick with buttons down the front; but owning that the effect taken on the whole was fine. He glanced curiously at the mess-waiters flitting about in their purple plush liveries, and white silk stockings; at the great silver centre-piece opposite the Major in command, representing a certain battle in which the 193rd had been the only European regiment engaged. He said to his neighbour that it was "massive"; that was the aspect in which it struck him most. As he gazed at everything, and listened to the string band for which the corps was famous, discouraging "most excellent music," Mr. Jones thought that his lines had fallen to him in pleasant places, and that all this would astonish Dodson not a little.

On one hand of Major Lindsay sat an apoplectic Colonel of the R.A., whose uniform looked as if it wanted letting out, while lower down were a couple of officers of the French navy, belonging to a man-of-war at present anchored in the Grand Harbour. Near them again, and chatting to them in their native tongue with perfect ease and fluency, was Charley Rowan, in his dress of "Lincoln green."

After a long look in that direction, Mr. Jones turned to Major Clutterbuck with a beaming smile and sparkling eyes.

"It's fine to hear him parly-vooin' like that, isn't it, now? He'd be worth four hundred a year in the City if he can write it as glib."

The Major stroked down his mighty moustache; the man on the other side apparently got a crumb in his throat; and the goggle eyes of the Colonel opposite bulged in his head, and glared across the table; then, taking advantage of a fit of delirium on the part of the flute, who rushed into the wildest variations upon the theme of "Auld Lang Syne," and claimed the general attention, he put a question sotto voce to Major Lindsay:

"Who the deuce has Clutterbuck got in tow now?"

"A rare specimen of the raw material," answered the other, in the same tone, "a simple child of Nature; but a good old sort, for all that."

The flute had by this time recovered from his convulsive attack, and was perspiring freely, as he acknowledged the plaudits that followed.

The R. A. Colonel honoured the "good old sort" with a good deal of notice, after this, and was presented, across the table, by Major Lindsay. The three diamonds

that glistened and gleamed in the exceedingly dress-shirt of Mr. Jones, of Seething Lane, were as the belt of stars in the constellation of Orion. It would, indeed, be sacrilege to compare them to any lesser thing; while the sister gem that shone upon his little finger might be regarded as a fixed star of the first magnitude. He was a jewel himself, if brightness and beamingness counted for anything, and was making up his mind that, when he invested in a first-class West-End residence, he should also have a string band to play to him while he ate.

You see, a person's ideas are apt to rise with their circumstances—to take wings, as it were, and flutter skywards. If any one had told Jones, of Seething Lane, a month ago, that he would take up the notion of having a private band, he would have laughed that person to scorn. Even as it was, he had misgivings as to what Dodson would think of the suggestion—a misgiving which he soothed by the reflection that Dodson, though an admirable man of business, had as yet had "no scope," and that, in consequence of this limitation, his ideas wanted widening.

Upon adjournment to the ante-room Mr. Jones found his sense of enjoyment distinctly growing. They were such pleasant, affable fellows! Even the bibulous baronet—not yet in a fully "ripe" condition, but getting on that way, balancing himself alternately on his toes and his spurred heels, making a pleasant click and clatter as he did so, and telling eye-opening stories to a select circle of listeners—even he had his good points in Mr. Jones's eyes, for, had he not said, "Welcome to Malta, sir; glad to know you. Come-and-dine"—this was all one word—"let-you-know-which-night"—this was another—and the stranger felt really touched and flattered by so much cordiality on the part of Sir Peyton Paling, Bart. There are things in mercy hidden from us; and it was not given to Mr. Jones to know that the bibulous one asked every one to dine with him after a certain hour in the day, and that no one ever took the slightest notice of these casual invitations.

The Honourable Bob swooped down upon Major Clutterbuck's guest like a hawk. He screwed his glass in his eye, and in a perfectly unostentatious manner gloated over the trio of stars that gleamed upon the expansive bosom of Mr. Jones.

"I'm glad to see you," he said, hovering, as it were, with a great, glad smile lighting

up his expressive countenance; "I saw you at mess, you know; shining from afar, eh? and all that sort of thing. I hope you had a good time?"

"You admire my little ornaments?" said Mr. Jones, also with a smile. "Well, I think they're good. I like things good."

"So do I," replied the other, "when I can pay for them, or get 'em on tick, don't you know. But it's not often I can do either. And there's that Jew fellow, he drains my small resources—pon honour now."

"What! the man with the sofa?" said Mr. Jones, amazed at the destitution of these smart young soldiers.

"Oh," said the other, in a *débonnaire* manner, "he's no heart. He doesn't care, bless you, what kind of decorations I wear. By the way, you should see our Chief. He's away, you know; but, give you my word, he's encrusted all over with 'em. A regular crustacean, that's what he is."

"With—er—all ornaments, do you mean?" asked Mr. Jones, eagerly.

"No, no; things he's won, you know—medals, and crosses, and all that sort of thing. He's like a shop window in the season—immense, you know."

"Dear me," said the deeply-interested guest, "I should very much like to have seen him. He must be a very distinguished man."

"Oh, deuced. He spitted fourteen Sepoys just like so many larks—give you my word—all as dead as door-nails in five minutes, not a squeak left in one of 'em. Thought nothing of it, either. Don't believe I've ever heard him mention it all the time I've been in the regiment."

"They tell me he is gone home to be married?" said Mr. Jones, speaking with some hesitation, for he was the most delicate-minded of men, and fancied he might be making too free.

"Yes; going to marry a lovely widow, by Jove! She's a fine woman, too. There was a ball at old Bogles's, you know, and she knocked all the other women nowhere—"

"Old—?" said Mr. Jones, now fairly bewildered.

"Old Bogles—the Governor, you know—we call him that for short—it suits him down to the ground, give you my word. He has a way of poking out his head and blinking at you—deuced near-sighted—asked his own butler to conduct a Royal Highness down to dinner

once, under the impression he was the biggest swell of the lot. The man nearly fainted, was led out gasping, in fact, like a blessed fish just landed. Her Royal Highness was seen to smile—she's a regular brick, you know, and no nonsense about her—not she. She overtook Ginger one day—you know Ginger of ours?—well, the poor beggar had sprained his ankle, and he was limping along like one o'clock. There was the Princess in a moment pulling up her ponies so sharp they nearly swallowed their bits, and before you could say Jack Robinson, there was Ginger—well, you know—Ginger had greatness thrust upon him, and was driven to his quarters in style. That's a good idea, a man having greatness thrust upon him, whether he will or won't; don't know where I got it from, don't think it's original, fancy I've heard it before, you know; Milton, I expect, or some of that lot—"

"It is Shakespeare," said Mr. Jones, quietly.

"Oh, have it your own way," said the Honourable Bob. "I don't care who said it; it's the idea I like. I tell you it suits Ginger down to the ground. I've been telling Mr. Jones about the Chief, you know," he continued, turning confidently to Captain Rowan, "what a blazing-away kind of fellow he is when he's in his war-paint—"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Jones, enquiringly, "his—?"

"War-paint," reiterated the other, "his best Sunday-go-to-meeting coat, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Jones, relieved; "all the medals you told me about, the honourable distinctions that he won by his deeds of gallantry during the Indian Mutiny?"

"Just so," said the Honourable Bob, hastily. He was not anxious for the guest of the evening to go into the particulars, as by himself related, of the said deeds of valour before Captain Rowan of the Rifle Brigade. These little hasty servings-up of military incidents were better kept en famille.

"How will you like having a married C.O.?" said Rowan, scenting some recent mischief on the part of the "merry-man," and thinking it wise to turn on another subject of conversation.

"Oh, we should like the Chief any way—married or single; but I think too many married officers in a regiment spoil the mess, don't you know? And for that

reason, if for no other"—this with a comical glance at Rowan—"I shall certainly not follow the Chief's example."

The Honourable Bob's impecuniosity at the present time being well known to all concerned, and to many who were not, this resolute determination on his part certainly had its droll side. For awhile the stringed instruments were now silent, and the flute reposed in a state of great flaccidity, yet entire self-complacency, after his tremendous exertions, while a band of small drummer-boys sang part-songs in delightful cadence, their fresh young voices keeping admirable time and tune to the beat of the bandmaster's bâton.

This performance perfectly charmed Mr. Jones. He beamed upon the lads, and kept time with one hand falling softly on the other.

"If Colonel Eliot were here he would be pleased to see your appreciation of this part-singing," said Major Clutterbuck. "It is quite his hobby."

The Major was never in greater form than when he dined at mess on guest nights; never more expansive, more overflowing with the milk of human kindness, or on better terms with the whole world, himself included.

He had, on such occasions, a great, glad effulgence pervading his whole personality, that seemed actually to radiate light; and a stranger, meeting him for the first time, would return to his hotel or his quarters, as the case might be, deeply impressed, and conscious of a sensation as of one who had been basking in the sunshine.

Seeing that Mr. Jones was so taken with the singing of the little bandmen, the Major wished to indulge his guest to the utmost.

"Can the boys sing 'The Men of Harlech,' Mr. Shaffenhauer?" he said, with graceful urbanity, to the bandmaster; "this gentleman is much interested in the part-singing."

A faint gesture on the part of Mr. Jones, suggestive of wishing to shake hands with the magnificent personage addressed, who was attired in faultless evening costume, was happily frustrated by the Honourable Bob, who slid his lank body in between the two, screwing his eyeglass into focus for the purpose of more minutely examining the music on the tall, slender stands.

"Ah, yes," he said, "'Men of Harlech'—wewy nice thing that—full of melodee and harmonie, eh, Shaffenhauer?"

"It is zo," replied the German, bowing low, after the manner of his kind. "Ze boys have ze great gombiment from ze gentleman. I too have ze gombiment, and in my heart I feel it deep. We shall sing at wonce, ze 'Men of Harlech'—ta! ta! ta!"

This last to the boys, with three taps of the bâton on the edge of his own particular stand; and soon the fresh young voices rang out in that most stirring song, the while Mr. Jones was in a sort of ecstasy.

Major Clutterbuck never hurried his cattle; he was too discreet a general for that.

The end of all things was the whistable; but softly, softly—"qui va lento va sano." He stood there, tall and comely, his fine, white, even teeth just showing under the curve of his moustache, for he was smiling, was the Major, and enjoying the music; heart and soul in the thing, as any one could see with half an eye. He even went so far as to imitate Mr. Jones's example, beating time softly on the palm of one hand. He sat reclining in a low lounging-chair, his shapely legs crossed the one over the other, his neat, spurred boots pleasantly en évidence. Not one faintest sign of restlessness or impatience was to be seen in the man from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes; and yet in his heart he wearied for the moment when the serious business—the only business worth talking about—should begin.

Yet he lighted a second cigar with consummate deliberation and quietude. With him absolute self-control was part of his stock-in-trade. It was only on very rare occasions that the supply failed him.

Herr Shaffenhauer bowed till he bent himself double; the band-boys would have grinned their delight at Mr. Jones's praise of their performance if they had been civilians; but your sucking soldier makes no sign, and they presented "eyes front" and grave faces without a smirk among the lot, though inwardly they were bursting with pride and pleasure, which would presently find vent in much noise and vociferation. A drummer-boy is just as conscious of the stern hand of discipline for ever over him, as that dazzling being, the drum-major, whose staff-of-office and other splendid ornaments, pompous carriage, and general air of condescension, make him appear something almost superhuman in the eyes of the crowd that gathers about the barrack-gates on marching-out days.

A faint mist of perfumed smoke from many cigars began to gather in the ante-room, and through the gentle haze shone the crimson and the gold, the purple of the R.A., the Lincoln green of the Rifles. The men scattered in groups, and as the music ceased and the band dispersed, the hum of voices rose higher and more clear. The windows were widely open, and the lovely Maltese night, with its gem-starred heavens, and its faint splash of oars in the distance, with its soft tinkle of fitful music, and chirp of cicada in the short crisp grass, with its awaying shadows of vine-leaves, and its radiance of silver moonshine, seemed part and parcel of the gay and happy time.

Sir Peyton Paling was seated in one of the inside balconies, with his heels on the rail, and a glass of soda-and-brandy on a low chair by his side. He had ceased asking people to dine with him, and relapsed into a slightly sentimental mood, being heard, indeed, to warble a stanza of "What is Home Without a Mother?" a tender question to which no one made any reply.

Seeing Major Clutterbuck saunter out to enjoy the calm and innocent moonlight, a thought struck him; he ceased to warble, and asked a question instead:

"I say, Clutterbuck, when is Miss Mabel Graham coming home again?"

Be it said that Sir Peyton, though not always sober, was, whether sober or not, always a gentleman. If the lady in question had been as royal in station as we know she was in Nature, he could not have asked after her with a more reverent and respectful air.

"We expect my step-daughter tomorrow, I am happy to say," replied the Major, genially. "I assure you, Sir Peyton, our simple home is like a world without sunshine when she is absent."

"A—h!" said Sir Peyton, with a sly, if not exactly sober, glance—almost a wink, in fact; "you don't find the boys make quite sunshine enough? Thought so; more like a storm—eh?" Then, being in that stage of hilarity which speaks out its mind regardless of consequences, he added: "Pack o' young imps, give you my word."

The Major was deaf for the nonce.

The Honourable Bob was in an ecstasy; he screwed his glass in hard, and looked beamingly from the one to the other.

Mr. Jones, on the contrary, felt as if he

were going round and round a lamp-post in a London fog.

He did not know that Major Clutterbuck had a step-daughter; he did not know that that gentleman owned a pack of young boys.

"You have not yet seen Miss Gwaham?" said the Honourable Bob, noticing the stranger seemed somewhat at a loss.

"No," said Mr. Jones. "I did not even know that Major Clutterbuck was a married man. Is, then, this Miss Graham—his step-daughter, did you not say?—is she so beautiful?"

The Honourable Bob blew the faint blue rings of smoke from his cigarette delicately into the air.

"She's all my fancy painted her; she's lovely, she's divine; we're all in love with her, to a man."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Jones. "And these young—"

"Boys!" said the Honourable Bob, sharply. "Why, they're the children of the second marriage."

"And not at school?"

"No; wish they were—wish they were anywhere. But, you see, there's no money to pay for the little beggars. Miss Graham teaches them—works like a slave, 'pon honour—fact!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Jones, again. "I hope I shall make the young lady's acquaintance."

"Sure to," said the Honourable Bob; "every one does, you know."

"Would you like a rubber?" said the Major, in easy, careless style, sauntering, or "sloping"—as Ginger put it—across the room.

"Dash it!" roared Sir Peyton from the balcony. "Clutterbuck, you beat the world, crush me if you don't! Any one would think you'd never handled a pack before. Come on, my neophyte, let us cut for partners."

Outside, the beauty of the night grew with each passing hour; the sky deeper, the stars clearer, the moon more bright and silvery. A tiny breeze uprose and crept over the surface of the sea like a refreshing spirit.

Inside, play waxed serious. The R.A. Colonel grew more and more apoplectic, his eyes bulged further out of his head, and he breathed hard. He had the cool Major for an opponent, and did not look upon the fact in the light of a blessing. On his part the Major was also seriously

considering the aspect of affairs. His fate linked with that of his guest, and the play of the City man was by no means what he had expected it to be.

Business habits, it may be, engender calm calculation, accuracy and keenness of observation; be this, however, as it may, Mr. Jones proved a most valuable ally. So far, so good; but, the reverse would naturally hold good also. The Honourable Bob, looking on, wore an expression of such awful solemnity as might have become a meal of "funeral baked meats"; a sure sign that he was inwardly in a state of the most unseemly hilarity; indeed, one serious protesting gaze through the immortal eye-glass sent that unfortunate Ginger out into the balcony with a rush, and caused the Colonel in blue to mutter something as to "unseemly frivolity."

When the meeting broke up, this potentate realised that he had had a run of bad luck—no man is ever worsted by the skill of his opponents, of course—and Major Clutterbuck, apparently in no wise elated by the good fortune which had fallen to his own share, set off towards the Porto Reale Gate—the 193rd were lying at Floriana—enroute for the Quarantine steps. Mr. Jones sauntered on by his side, and the Major told him all about the house at Sleima, and asked him to come and call on Mrs. Clutterbuck at an early date. The truth was, a new scheme had now entered the Major's mind, but of this his companion was naturally in ignorance.

"Shall I put you across?" said Mr. Jones, as the two neared the steep steps of stairs, and looked upon the calm and sleeping bay—sleeping in the moonlight like a child with a smile upon its face; "the fact is," he added, a little shamefacedly, "I often go for a moonlit row these lovely nights, you see—they are something so new to me. I'm a commonplace sort of chap, I know; but I love such beauty as they can show, as romantically, I do indeed, as a boy of twenty who never sat on a high stool in a counting-house in his life; so, you see, my fellows are always about until I send to dismiss them."

The Major was pleasingly conscious of a well-appointed, well-cushioned boat, with

Maltese oarsmen, pulling about in gentle idleness near the steps, and in a few moments the two men were seated under the gaily-striped awning, and the oars cut the water into silver shreds. Past Fort Manuel—its shadow dark and brooding on the water—over the bright bay; on—on—smoothly gliding, till Sleima was reached; and, even then, Mr. Jones insisted upon accompanying the Major to his own door.

The villa looked glorified and etherealised in the steady radiance of the moon that poured down on balcony and turret, tangle of vine, and blossom of oleander.

All was still, calm, beautiful; but had some angel, weary with flight, lighted upon the edge of the topmost turret, from thence to watch the world of sea and sky?

A tiny figure, all in white; a shimmer of golden hair; two little bare feet dangling against the grey stone; a small, rapt face looking up into the starry sky . . .

The Major stood still; reeled where he stood.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, under his breath, "it is Phil. The turret stair—he has climbed up—"

The sweat beaded on the man's brow; his voice faltered, failed, died away into a low, piteous sob.

Mr. Jones grasped him by the arm like a vice.

These short, square-built men are so strong. The Major was held to the spot as though in an iron clamp.

"Be calm, sir," said a low voice at his ear. "Show yourself a true soldier, as I know you are. If you startle the child, he will fall dead at our feet."

"Good Heaven—good Heaven! what shall I do?" groaned the miserable man; "and my wife—my wife—sleeping there just below him—never thinking—"

But Phil was not afraid. Phil had seen his father, and was in high delight.

"Does you see where I be—daddy?" sang out the little voice from above, sweet and clear.

And then came the soft pat, pat of little palms one against the other.

Phil was applauding his own daring.